SAW III

by

Leigh Whannell

DOUBLE PINK 5/29/06
DOUBLE BLUE 5/23/06
GOLDENROD 5/6/06
GREEN 4/28/06
YELLOW 4/24/06
PINK 4/17/06
BLUE 4/11/06
WHITE 3/24/06

Saw III Productions Canada Inc.
175 Queen Quay East, Suite 400
Toronto, ON M5A 1B6
Canada
(416) 368-0330

FADE IN:

1 INT. CLASSROOM, ELEMENTARY SCHOOL - NIGHT 1

The void. Nothingness. This is what an atheist would say the afterlife looks like.

Then...a shower of sparks flares to life from an arc welder.

The intense blue core of the flame traces the edge of a door in the center of the darkness. Someone is trying to get inside this room from the other side of the door.

When the blowtorch has finished its work, the heavy iron door tumbles forwards, smashing on a concrete floor.

A hornet's nest of flashlights swarm outside the doorway, the silhouettes controlling them crouched in an attack position.

The flashlights are attached to rifle barrels, their beams exploring the black space beyond the door and revealing it to be--

--a long forgotten place of learning.

Finger paintings are strewn across the floor. The walls have been scorched by the force of intense heat. Smoke and ash swirl around in the light. Overturned chairs and tables are scattered around like wooden corpses...

...and then one of the flashlights lands on the real thing.

The charred torso of a human being.

Another flashlight finds an arm...then a leg. A shape has been cut out of the meaty flesh on the thigh.

A jigsaw piece.

One of the shadows outside the door steps into the classroom, lifting a gas mask and revealing the face of a burly SWAT member named **RIGG**.

He sighs and lowers his gun.

RIGG
Somebody call Kerry.

FLASHCUT TO:

1A INT. HALLWAY, OUTSIDE CLASSROOM, ELEMENTARY SCHOOL - NIGHT 1A

LATER

Chaos.

What was once a hallway bustling with school children is now crammed with police officers, who mill around the doorway with the stoic faces of the desensitized...

...all except for one, **KERRY**, whose face cannot hide a mixture of emotion and exhaustion.

She charges up the hallway towards the door, a police badge dangling around her neck, before Rigg steps in her way.

KERRY
Don't...don't.

Kerry nails him with a desperate look. She is not her usual composed self - the toughness has drained out of her face.

KERRY
Is it him?
(beat)
Is it Eric?

RIGG
We don't know yet.

Kerry shoulders past him, marching into--

2 INT. CLASSROOM, ELEMENTARY SCHOOL - NIGHT 2

A camera flash bathes the carnage in pure white light for a split second. What we see is not pretty.

Kerry sees a male officer, **HOFFMAN**, hunched over the head and torso of the corpse. She approaches slowly, fearing the worst.

Rigg appears behind her, but doesn't stop her.

HOFFMAN looks up, shining his flashlight in Kerry's eyes. An agonizing beat, then:

HOFFMAN
It's not Detective Matthews.

Kerry closes her eyes, lets out a sigh.

(CONTINUED)

2 CONTINUED: 2

She traces her flashlight along a steel chain coiled on the floor. The chain runs up to an iron cleat on the wall.

She scans the room. There are several chains, all hanging down from different points on the walls.

KERRY
What happened?

Hoffman lifts the end of one chain with a gloved hand, examining a blood-encrusted ring on the end of it.

HOFFMAN
It looks like the victim was held in place by these chains.

FLASHCUT TO:

3 INT. CLASSROOM, ELEMENTARY SCHOOL - NIGHT 3

FLASHBACK

A man struggles slowly to his feet from a rickety chair.

He grunts in pain, rising into a pool of light cast by tubes on the walls. What we see will HORRIFY even the most hardened stomach.

He is standing half-naked in the center of the room. Chains are stretched taut from various points on the walls, each one ending in a ring that pierces his flesh in a different spot.

Two chains hang from the ceiling hooked into his shoulders, other chains hook into his legs, arms, hands.

One of them is even hooked into his front jaw.

He is a human marionette in a sick Grand Guignol fantasy.

He CRIES OUT in terror, and then--

ZZCCCCCHHHH!!!

A square of STATIC explodes to life on a TV screen in the corner. It cuts to an image. A face.

The bone white, wooden face of a harlequin puppet. Its slotted jaw moves, omitting a heavily distorted voice.

3 CONTINUED: 3

DOLL
(from screen)
Hello Troy...I want to play a game. This game will take place in a room not much bigger than the room you have spent most of your life in - a prison cell.
(beat)
Despite all the advantages and privileges you were given at birth, you have returned to prison again and again, more comfortable in chains than you are in freedom.
(beat)
Tonight we will see how far you are willing to go to break those chains, once and for all.

CUT TO:

4 INT. CLASSROOM, ELEMENTARY SCHOOL - NIGHT 4

PRESENT

Hoffman directs his flashlight at various NAILS scattered across the floor.

HOFFMAN
There was a bomb in the room.
(beat)
All he had to do was remove each chain and walk out the door before it went off.

RIGG
Guess he wasn't fast enough.

why?

Hoffman shoots him a displeased glare.

HOFFMAN
It wasn't as easy as it sounds.

FLASHCUT TO:

5 INT. CLASSROOM, ELEMENTARY SCHOOL - NIGHT 5

FLASHBACK

The doll laughs on the TV. Seems to be relishing this.

5 CONTINUED: 5

DOLL
(from screen)
Live or die, Troy...make your choice.

The screen cuts to static.

Behind Troy, a digital display on a time bomb counts down. The bomb has been crudely fashioned out of a glass jar, filled with nails and other implements of pain.

One minute thirty seconds to go.

Terrified, Troy grabs the chain hooked into his right hand. He pulls it taut...the thin flesh stretching with it.

He takes a deep breath.

TROY
One...two...three.

Troy wrenches the chain as hard as he can, only succeeding in pulling his skin forward. He lets out a BLOOD CURDLING cry of pain. Blood squirts from the wound.

The chain is still attached...only now his skin is ripped.

He yanks the chain once more, freeing it.

Fifty eight seconds...fifty seven...fifty six...

EVERYTHING WE SEE FOLLOWING THIS is shown in rapid cuts - like a Nine Inch Nails snuff movie edited by a schizophrenic.

Troy wrenches the chain attached to his shoulders. It comes free with one pull and another SCREAM of pain.

Then the stomach. He lets out a grunt, almost numb at this point.

Forty nine seconds...forty eight...forty seven...

The finger chain comes next. Troy heaves at it. His fingernail slowly comes loose with the ring - coming off completely when the hook rips free.

He takes hold of the chain hooked into his jaw. He pulls it as hard as he can, but there is no moving it.

Sobbing and drenched in blood, he turns to look at the clock, held in place now by just four chains.

5 CONTINUED: (2) 5

Seventeen seconds...sixteen...fifteen...

Desperate, Troy wraps the chain under his foot.

He closes his eyes...

...and STOMPS on the chain, putting all of his weight on it.

His jaw SNAPS forward...cracking as he breaks it!

how do we shoot this? why not tooth?

FLASHCUT TO:

INT. CLASSROOM, ELEMENTARY SCHOOL - NIGHT 6

PRESENT

Kerry crouches next to the head of the corpse.

KERRY
I had this feeling...
(beat)
I really thought this was going to be Eric.

RIGG
Eric's still a missing person case. He's not a homicide case yet.

Kerry stares off into space. Haunted.

KERRY
I have these nightmares...where I see him.

She looks up at Hoffman.

KERRY
I'll never forgive myself for what happened.

RIGG
It's nobodies fault, Kerry.

KERRY
It's always somebodies fault.

RIGG
And that somebody isn't you. That somebody is still out there, so put all your anger towards finding them and putting them away.

(CONTINUED)

6 CONTINUED: 6

Kerry nods.

Hoffman scans the room, surveying the slaughter.

HOFFMAN
It just doesn't make sense. When you had Jigsaw, you said he could barely walk. How could he have done all this?

KERRY
I'm not so sure he did.
(beat)
So far, it doesn't follow his pattern.

HOFFMAN
What do you mean?

Kerry paces the room.

KERRY
How did you get in here?

RIGG
We broke the door down.

KERRY
Why?

HOFFMAN
Because somebody heard an explosion, took a look through the slot in the door, saw the body and called us.

KERRY
No, I mean why did you *have* to break the door down? Was it locked from the outside?

RIGG
Yeah. It was more than locked. It was sealed shut. A truck couldn't get through it.

KERRY
Exactly.

Rigg is confused.

6 CONTINUED: (2) 6

RIGG
I'm not sure I follow.

Kerry marches over to the door.

KERRY
If the aim of Jigsaw's game was to get out of the room before the bomb went off, then why was the door locked? The victim couldn't have gotten out even if he'd wanted to.

can we come up w/ a better line?

Rigg holds her gaze, intrigued.

A female forensic interrupts, holding up an evidence bag with a videotape inside it.

FEMALE FORENSIC
You won't believe this.
(beat)
We got the tape out clean.

Kerry's eyes drift down to the charred torso, and the JIGSAW PIECE etched out of it.

CUT TO:

7 INT. HALLWAY, KERRY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT 7

A long narrow hallway. Clothes tossed haphazardly clutter the floor. We slowly push down towards an open door at the end of the hall, bathed in candle light.

7A INT. BATHROOM, KERRY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT 7A

Kerry sits up in the bath, hugging her knees. Steam rises from the water.

She runs her hand through her hair. It is caked with ash from the crime scene.

She closes her eyes, then lowers her head under...holding her breath for as long as she can...cleansing away the filth.

7B INT. BATHROOM, KERRY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT 7B

LATER

The mirror is fogged with condensation.

7B CONTINUED: 7B

Kerry steps up to it, wiping away a layer of it.

Her heart stops when she sees the reflection of **ERIC** standing behind her, his shirt and pants soaked through with sweat and blood.

KERRY
Eric...?

She WHIPS around, seeing no one. She turns back to the mirror, staring herself in the eyes.

She begins to cry.

INT. KERRY'S APARTMENT, BEDROOM - NIGHT 8

LATER

Kerry sits up in bed, sporting a pair of reading glasses, watching the videotaped message from Jigsaw we saw earlier. Files are scattered around her. Her gun sits on the night stand.

She fast-forwards the tape a little, then lets it run.

DOLL
(from screen)
Live or die, Troy...make your choice.

The screen cuts to static, as before. Kerry leans back, sighs. White noise swarms across the TV screen like millions of ants, reflecting in her glasses.

Then suddenly--

--the static cuts out and an image appears on the screen.

A grainy, blue-tinged image. Blurry.

Kerry sits up leaning forward and squinting at the image. Hard to see what it is.

Black bars run across the top and bottom of screen, with the blurred figure of a person in the center.

She hits rewind on the remote, but the tape doesn't respond.

She looks back up at the screen, then notices something. She freezes.

After a beat, she slowly moves her arm above her head. The figure on the screen moves its arm in tandem.

The figure on the screen is her.

Dread compels her eyes downwards - where she sees a loosely hidden cable running from the back of her TV unit, along the floor and into the CLOSET in the opposite corner.

In one swift movement, she snatches her gun off the night stand and FIRES - blowing four holes through the wooden, venetian slats of the closet door.

The camera image on the TV screen doesn't move. She leaps out of bed up, aiming her gun at the closet.

She takes a step closer. The image on the TV mirrors this.

Her breathing is all we can hear...

She takes another step, her body taking up the whole TV screen now.

She reaches out...slowly...slowly...gripping the door handle.

A deep breath.

And she FLINGS the closet door open - revealing a video camera on a tripod, staring straight at her. The record light has been taped over.

She aims her gun into the darkened closet beyond the camera, at rows and rows of suits hanging in color coordinated order.

Her chest takes up the entire TV screen as she leans in front of the camera lens, reaching up and yanking a chain, which brings to life a light bulb dangling on a chain.

The closet is empty.

Kerry steps back...

...then glances over at the TV.

On it, A DARK FIGURE IS STANDING DIRECTLY BEHIND HER!!!

Kerry SCREAMS, as the cloaked figure RAMS a syringe into her neck with the force of a knife. Kerry immediately weakens, winding down as the liquid inside the needle is pushed into her.

ON THE TV SCREEN - we see Kerry's body drop to the floor...

CONTINUED: (2)

...but we cannot see the face of the assailant as they approach the camera.

The TV cuts to static once more.

DISSOLVE TO:

9 INT. SUBTERRANEAN CHAMBER - NIGHT 9

A pool of water gathers on a stone floor...or is it blood?

We PULL BACK from the blood - finding its source.

Kerry.

She is unconscious, with only her face lit by a bright shaft of light from overhead. She is strapped into some sort of harness, but we can't make it out yet. We're in too close... seeing only glints of steel and hints of danger.

Hanging on a chain directly in front of her is a large, glass container, filled with a urine colored liquid.

All is quiet...until a KEY drops into the container from above. The liquid in the container splashes out, a drop of it hitting Kerry's face.

The second the drop touches her skin, the flesh begins to SIZZLE and burn.

IT'S ACID.

Kerry explodes AWAKE, gasping for air, a sharp pain firing through her entire body as she moves.

She looks downward, and we see the source of her agony.

She is suspended above the ground by two chains that hang down from a sewer grate in the ceiling. The chains are attached to a harness, which wraps around her neck and waist.

A monstrous iron device is clamped onto her back, like the spine of an H. R. Giger designed insect. Metal arms extend upwards from the device, then bend at a joint and encircle her, like the legs of a mechanical praying mantis.

Each arm is lined with talons, which protrude from the metal and pierce the skin under her rib cage and behind her collarbones, cocooning her.

(CONTINUED)

Kerry's face fills with the terror of someone who knows what is coming. She kicks and flails in the harness, straining under the weight of the device.

A television screen SPITS to life in front of her. On it is the face that plagues her nightmares. The mouthpiece for Jigsaw.

The doll.

It looks at her...SEEING HER through the screen.

VOICE (V.O.)
(from tape)
Hello Kerry. I want to play a game.
(beat)
Up until now, you have spent your life among the dead, piecing together their final moments. You are good at this because you, like them, are also dead. Dead on the inside. You identify more with a corpse than you do a living human. I believe you want to join your true family - indeed your only family - in death. Tonight we will put that theory to the test.
(beat)
The device you are wearing is hooked into your rib cage. By the time this tape is finished you will have one minute to find a way out. When the timer goes off...well, you better than anyone should know what happens then.

The voice pauses, LAUGHING.

VOICE (V.O.)
(from tape)
There is one key that will unlock the harness, Kerry. It's right in front of you. All you have to do is reach into the acid and take it...but do it quickly. The acid will dissolve the key in a matter of minutes.
(beat)
Which road will you take? Life...or afterlife? Make your choice.

The screen is suddenly awash with static snow.

Kerry tilts her head back, squinting up at the glass container above her. She knows what she must do.

Tick...tick...tick...

Kerry reaches upward, her fingers touching the bottom of the container. She pushes it forward, hoping to pour the acid out in front of her, whilst catching the key at the same time.

A portion of the acid pours out, hitting her leg on the way to the floor.

Instantly, the flesh on her thigh begins to sizzle as the acid eats into it, the fabric on her pants smoking. She SCREAMS in agony.

Tick...tick...tick...

She takes a deep breath - then reaches up again, this time tipping the container carefully.

The acid ATTACKS the flesh of her fingers like liquid piranhas, the skin dissolving and exposing muscle and bone.

Tick...tick...tick...

The key is just inches out of reach. Screaming, she tips the container further.

Maybe a little too far.

The entire container of acid pours down on her legs and thighs.

She screams as it pours down her legs - her pants all but melting away. The flesh hangs off her hand like loose fabric.

In agony, Kerry grabs the key.

She feels around the device, struggling to locate the lock.

Tick...tick...tick...

Desperate, she tries to force the key in.

CLICK - the key locks in place. She turns the key. The lock POPS open.

As fast as she can she removes the padlock tossing it to the ground. A hint of relief crosses her face...

...but it is only fleeting.

CONTINUED: (3)

The device stays locked on her flesh.

Do we want to give Kerry a line of dialogue?

SUDDENLY

The door to the room groans open - revealing the cloaked figure who brought Kerry here. We CANNOT SEE the figures face, but Kerry can. She FREEZES.

KERRY
You...

BOOM!!!

The device explodes open like a mechanized butterfly, snapping bones like twigs and spraying blood and viscera across the room in a gaudy shower.

Kerry gasps. Her entire chest has been opened up, exposing muscle and internal organs. She is a living anatomical dummy.

Her breathing gets slower and slower.

In the pool of white light from above, she looks like an angel with metal wings, suspended above the concrete floor.

A slowly dying angel...

...and then finally a dead angel.

CUT TO:

10 INT. BEDROOM, CONDOMINIUM - MORNING 10

A hand on an arched, male back. A wedding ring glitters on one of the fingers.

The hand belongs to a woman. A mane of black hair is draped across the pillows behind her. Her name is **LYNN** (30s). She looks lost, as if her mind was permanently somewhere else.

She kisses the man above her quickly, distractedly, rejecting his amorous advances. His name is **CHRIS** (40s).

LYNN
I can't.

She sits up on the edge of the bed, staring at the floor.

LYNN (CONT'D)
I've gotta be at the hospital by nine.

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED: 10

She doesn't move from the edge of the bed.

CHRIS
It's Tuesday, I thought you started at eleven.

LYNN
They changed it on me at the last minute...

CHRIS
You better head off then.

LYNN
I am.

Lynn stands up, pulling on a pair of pants, then going to the closet and grabbing her coat. During all this, she never once looks at Chris.

CHRIS
You're not gonna have a shower?

LYNN
I'll shower at the hospital.

CHRIS
Can we just, talk, for five minutes.

Lynn doesn't respond. She reaches into her purse and takes out a bottle of ANTI-DEPRESSANTS, swallowing two of them.

CHRIS
Okay, how about you just make eye contact with me for five seconds?

Lynn stops and looks at him.

LYNN
What's wrong?

CHRIS
Oh nothing, just everything.

LYNN
I can't do this now, Chris.

CHRIS
Jesus, I know something's on your mind. I want to talk about it.

10 CONTINUED: (2) 10

A long beat passes.

LYNN
I'm late.

CHRIS
I don't care about your fucking job.

LYNN
What is it you want from me, Chris?

Chris looks down, almost ashamed - the words near impossible to say.

CHRIS
A divorce.

His words hang in the air like smoke from and explosion.

Lynn freezes, the words hitting hard.

She slams the door behind her.

CUT TO:

11 INT. EMERGENCY ROOM, THE ANGELS HOSPITAL - NIGHT 11

CONTINUED:

BOOM!!

Two swing doors BURST open as a gurney is wheeled through them.

The organized chaos of an emergency room follows. The ping of heart rate monitors, the gurgling of machine assisted breathing, the shouts of doctors, the moans of the patient - in this case a six year old boy. Blood spills down the chest of the boy, his body shuddering and trembling. A TUBE runs from his throat to a VENTILATOR.

A doctor races to the gurneys side.

PARAMEDIC
MVA. Car skidded into oncoming traffic - head on collision with an SUV.

DOCTOR #1
What's his pressure?

PARAMEDIC
Eighty over palpable, pulse rate high.

DOCTOR #1
Get me Doctor Denlon!

Another gurney is wheeled into the adjoining room. A WOMAN 40's lies atop - she too is covered in blood. Obviously the boy's mother.

SPEAKER (V.O.)
Doctor Denlon, emergency, please report to trauma immediately.

Nurses scramble around the boy, preparing lift him onto an operating bed.

DOCTOR #1
Okay, one, two, three.

They all hoist him onto the operating bed.

NURSE
We're losing pressure!

DOCTOR #1
He must be losing blood volume. Get me six units of O-positive.

He moans around, annoyed.

DOCTOR #1
Where's Lynn?!

The head nurse, **DEBORAH**, leaves the huddle.

DEBORAH
I'll find her.

We follow Deborah as she sprints away from the scene.

12 OMITTED SCENE 12 12

12A INT. LOCKER ROOM, HOSPITAL - NIGHT 12A

Lynn stares into her locker. She seems a million miles away.

The door barrels open. It's Deborah.

DEBORAH
Lynn, let's go!

Lynn SNAPS to life, shutting her locker.

13 INT. EMERGENCY ROOM, THE ANGELS HOSPITAL - NIGHT 13

Lynn shoulders her way into the pack around the young boy.

DOCTOR #1
Nice of you to show up. His pressure's dropping rapidly, I think he's losing blood.

NURSE
Pressure down to seventy!

The child begins convulsing.

NURSE
He's going into shock.

Lynn stares at the boy. Amidst all the chaos, she seems calm somehow. She takes a stethoscope, listening to the boys chest.

DOCTOR #1
Get an OR ready, we're gonna have to crack his chest.

LYNN
Wait...

DOCTOR #1
What?

LYNN
I can't hear any breathing on the left side.

DOCTOR #1
And?

LYNN
It's not blood loss, it's tension-pnuemo.

NURSE
Pressure below sixty, I'm not getting anything.

All eyes are on Lnn.

LYNN
Get a chest tube in him.

DOCTOR #1
Lynn, we need to get him into OR now.

13 CONTINUED: (2) 13

DEBORAH
He's gonna flatline!

LYNN
Just do it!

We hear the whine of the heart rate monitor as the heart rate goes flat.

DOCTOR #1
Get me a quarter amp of EPI!

The nurse cuts an incision under his armpit, pushing a chest tube in.

NURSE
I'm getting a rush of air!

And then--

Beep...beep...beep...

His heart is beating again.

NURSE
Pressure rising to seventy...

Everyone watches the monitors.

NURSE
Pressure back to eighty...pressure normal.

Everyone sighs with relief.

He's alive.

DOCTOR #1
(reluctant)
Nice work, Doctor.

13A INT. EMERGENCY ROOM, THE ANGELS HOSPITAL - NIGHT 13A

LATER

Lynn walks away from the trauma area. Emotionless.

Deborah follows her, taking her by the arm and hauling her into a separate section, drawing the curtain across for privacy. Mad as hell.

DEBORAH
Who are you?

LYNN
What?

DEBORAH
Who are you?

Deborah gestures to her head.

DEBORAH
The woman standing in front of me had to be dragged from the locker room to put a chest tube in a trauma patient.
(beat)
Lynn Denlon would have been the first one there.

Lynn can't even make eye contact with her.

DEBORAH
If you've got something on your mind, go upstairs to psych. Or maybe go back to oncology and give lectures on tomotherapy all day. Just don't bring it into the ER. We don't have any seconds to spare.

Deborah marches away, leaving Lynn alone.

14 INT. LOCKER ROOM, THE ANGELS HOSPITAL - NIGHT 14

Lynn sits alone in the dark locker area, staring into space.

She looks up, hearing a noise.

She looks into a bottle of anti-depressants. She opens the bottle and pours two pills into the palm of her hand. She stares at them.

Contemplates.

She finally puts them back in the bottle, then takes her bag from an open locker behind her and stashes them inside. She shuts the locker, slings the bag over her shoulder and we follow her to the door.

She grips the handle and turns it, but it doesn't give. Lynn furrows her brow.

The door is locked.

LYNN
What the hell?...

She turns around--

--AND SLAMS RIGHT INTO A CLOAKED FIGURE!!

Then blackness.

DISSOLVE TO:

15 INT. CORRIDOR, OUTSIDE JIGSAW'S LAIR - NIGHT 15

We pull back from the BLACK CLOAK of the figure from the locker room.

The cloaked figure walks down the narrow corridor approaching a LARGE STEEL DOOR.

Masked in shadows the figure leans in, forcing open the door.

15A INT. JIGSAWS LAIR, MONITOR ROOM - NIGHT 15A

The figure makes it way through the small office now turned into a monitor room. FIVE MONITORS line the desk. The figure walks by each one, turning it on.

The figure continues through the office and down a small set of stairs into:

16 INT. JIGSAWS LAIR - NIGHT 16

Darkness...until --

--a series of overhead florescent lights burst to life, revealing--

--a veritable museum of pain.

Filing cabinets sit in disrepair against one wall. Shelving lining the opposite wall is cluttered with medical supplies and bottles of pills. A desk in the corner is home to roughly sketched schematics and drawings.

Work tools hang on nails. Instruments of torture are cluttered on the floor - the Jaw-trap, the Head-trap, a rusted, old bear-trap and coils of razor wire.

The whole room is filled with the sluggish hiss of machine-assisted breathing, accompanied by the omnipresent beep of a heart monitor.

The sound is coming from an adjoining room, a plastic sheet strung across the doorway. A sickly green glow emanates from beyond it. It is a little darker than this room.

And then there is something else... another noise...at first slightly mumbled, then growing more panicked. The muffled cries of someone in distress.

The sounds of the struggle echo throughout the room.

Wood knocking on old tile. Metal rattling against metal and then--

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)
HELP ME!!! Please, someone help me!

The camera drifts off the cloaked figure and over to the voice.

A WOMAN is bound and tied to a wheelchair. The woman weakly tries to free herself, to no avail.

We WIDEN and reveal LYNN as the woman. Her face is flushed, her body drenched in sweat, a gag hanging around her neck.

(CONTINUED)

LYNN
Please. I know you're there.
Please help me...

Suddenly the cloaked figure appears behind Lynn.

CLOAKED FIGURE
You need to calm down.

The figure reaches up removing the cloak.

A young woman is underneath it, long brown hair hanging in front of her eyes. This is **AMANDA.**

Lynn turns her head as far as she can, just barely able to make out the person behind her.

LYNN
Why are you doing this?

Amanda begins to wheel Lynn towards the plastic. As they get nearer, the outline of a figure on a bed takes shape.

Amanda stops Lynn and slowly pulls back the plastic.

Lynn gasps.

17 INT. THE SICK ROOM, JIGSAW'S LAIR - NIGHT 17

The frail body of a man lies on a gurney inside the room, tubes running out of his arm. His calm, expressionless face belies the cruelty he has wrought over others.

JIGSAW.

He is surrounded by medical equipment. CANDLES FLICKER AROUND HIS BED, casting eerie shadows.

Amanda stops the wheelchair at the foot of the bed, then walks over to Jigsaw's side, setting a bag of tea on the bedside table. Jigsaw looks up at her, nodding. There is affection in the nod, an appreciation of a job well done.

Jigsaw turns to Lynn with a look that could wilt flowers.

JIGSAW
Hello, Doctor Denlon.
(beat)
You may not remember me, but I most certainly remember you.

Lynn doesn't make a sound, pure TERROR in her eyes.

JIGSAW
I was a guest in your hospital once.

Amanda drops a file into Lynn's lap, then cuts the bindings on her wrist free.

Lynn hesitates, then opens the file. She scans the medical report in front of her, keywords jumping out from it: FRONTAL LOBE TUMOR, METASTATIC DISEASE, INOPERABLE.

Amanda checks her watch, then takes a cup of water and two pills, handing them to Jigsaw and positioning a straw in his mouth. He gulps the water down, swallowing the pills.

Lynn finally works up the courage to speak.

LYNN
I've seen you on television. Lawrence Gordon was your doctor.

JIGSAW
Yes. I was his patient...and he was mine.

Lynn scans the room around her.

JIGSAW
As you can see from the report, my prognosis isn't good. Would you agree?

A long beat. Lynn stares at the report. Can't make eye contact with Jigsaw. She seems to be avoiding eye contact with everyone lately. Finally she speaks:

LYNN
There's no preventative treatment for what you have.

Jigsaw allows himself a small smile.

JIGSAW
Yes, I remember you saying that to me once before in that same tone. Leave it to a doctor to find such a cold and clinical way of saying that I'm a dead man walking.
(beat)
Looking at me, how long would you say I have left?

LYNN
I'd have to examine you. Even then, a frontal lobe tumor is unpredictable. The growth depends on the rate of mitosis versus the rate of apoptosis--

JIGSAW
I'm sorry, in your dazed state, is all this crude medical equipment causing you to believe that you are inside a hospital right now?

LYNN
No...

JIGSAW
Why are you speaking to me in medical jargon?
(beat)
LOOK AT ME!!

His shout startles Lynn and snatches her attention. Jigsaw holds her terrified gaze, forcing her to see him.

In the tense silence that follows, Amanda leaves the room with the empty water cup. Jigsaw watches her leave, leans forward and speaks confidentially to Lynn.

JIGSAW
I asked you to look at me, and tell me, from your experience, how long you think I have left? It's a simple question.

A long beat.

LYNN
Not long.

JIGSAW
How long?

LYNN
A few days maybe.
(beat)
Maybe less.

Do we need Min? Let's cut.

Jigsaw absorbs this, looks at all the medical equipment around him and smiles a wan smile.

JIGSAW
Death is a surprise party....
(beat)
Unless of course, you're already dead on the inside. Unless you're the type of person who swallows anti-depressants to hide their pain, turns their back on their husband and neglects their child.

Jigsaw notices Amanda returning with the cup of water and a mug full of hot tea, She dunks the tea bag standing by Jigsaw's bed.

JIGSAW (CONT'D)
Who has every possible advantage in life, yet chooses not to advance.

CONTINUED: (5)

A bolt of shock slivers up Lynn's spine as she hears this.

LYNN
What do you want from me?

Jigsaw bristles at her interruption, silencing her with a glance.

JIGSAW
What do I want?
(beat)
I want to play a game.

Amanda moves over to a bench in the corner. Something sits on top of it, spot lit by a desk lamp.

It is a crude collar, made up of SHOTGUN SHELLS. A small box is wired to the front of it, with a switch jutting out of it.

Jigsaw follows Amanda with his eyes, watching her heft the collar up off the bench.

JIGSAW
The rules of the game are simple. The consequences for breaking them are great - death.

Jigsaw watches as Amanda unlocks the collar, opening it up.

JIGSAW
You are being tested. Your will is being tested. Your will to keep someone alive.

Amanda walks the collar over to Lynn, who squirms in the wheelchair.

LYNN
No! No!

Jigsaw watches as Amanda snaps the collar into place around Lynn's neck.

She then takes a KEY on the end of a long chain from off the bench, slinging it around her neck. It is a bulky, uniquely shaped key, like a pyramid.

CONTINUED: (6)

JIGSAW
Can you do that? Can you follow the rules and grant someone the gift of life?

Amanda flips a switch on the collar and it starts beeping in tandem with Jigsaw's heart rate monitor.

Lynn catches her breath, struggling to remain calm.

JIGSAW
The device you're wearing is linked to my heart rate monitor. The second the heart monitor flat lines or you move out of range of it...it will cause an explosion to go off on that collar. Your life and my life will end simultaneously.

LYNN
Please...don't do this to me. I'm married, I have a child.

Amanda leans down into Lynn's face.

AMANDA
Let me give you the simple version...you will keep him alive whatever it takes. No excuses... no equivocations... no crying...

LYNN
What do you mean 'keep him alive'?

Amanda looks up at Jigsaw.

Jigsaw nods towards the lair beyond the plastic.

AMANDA
Out there on those monitors, we have another test subject. ~~A man.~~ better word

Amanda spins Lynn around, pulling back the plastic so that the monitors on the other side of the adjoining room are visible.

Lynn squints at the monitors, but can't quite identify the images.

(CONTINUED)

AMANDA
That man will face a series of tests... you have to keep John alive until he makes it through. If he completes all of the tests and John is still breathing, I will remove the collar and release you.

LYNN
No...why? Why me?

JIGSAW
You are a vital piece to my puzzle, Doctor Denlon; a critical part of what may be my final test.
(to Amanda)
Amanda, it's time to start *our* game.

Amanda nods, gives a final look to Lynn, then exits the sick room.

18 INT. JIGSAW'S LAIR 18

Amanda traipses through the lair - weaving her way around the crude torture devices.

TRANSITION INTO:

19 OMITTED 19 19

19A INT. WOODEN CRATE - NIGHT 19A

Darkness - and then a sliver of light.

MALE VOICE (O.C.)
...what the fuck?

A shuffling - pounding...

MALE VOICE (O.C.)
Hello?!? What is this?

More movement - small slits of light bring illumination to his face.

He has the slightly nebbish look of a man who is out of his element in dangerous situations. Definitely not a cop - more like a computer salesman. His name is **JEFF** (40s)

Masked in shadow - trapped in the confines of a crate. This truly is a claustrophobic's worst nightmare.

Suddenly--

--a loud, eardrum-shattering beep, like an air horn, fills the box. He SCREAMS, his hands flying in front of his face instinctively.

JEFF
Hello??? Can anyone hear me?

He gropes along the walls, his fingers landing on a MICRO-CASSETTE RECORDER. A note wrapped around it says PLAY ME.

He does.

JIGSAW (V.O.)
(from tape)
Hello, Jeff.
(beat)
I would guess that as you listen to this, you are clawing at the walls, cursing, crying - like a newborn trying to free itself from the womb. This is significant...because today is your rebirth.

Jeff stares at the recorder, mystified.

JIGSAW (V.O.)
(from tape)
Over the past few years, you have become a shell of your former self, consumed with hatred and vengeance. Vengeance against the drunk driver who killed your only son. Vengeance against the killer who was set free after a hasty trial.

These words hit Jeff like very precise darts.

JIGSAW (V.O.)
(from tape)
Today, however, it is you who will be put on trial. To escape the facility in which you are being held, you will have to face a series of tests. You will have to suffer to move forward through each of them...but with each one, you will also have a chance to forgive. When you complete them all...I promise you will finally come face to face with the man responsible for the loss of your child. That will be your ultimate test. Can you forgive him? You better hurry, though - in two hours, he will be set free, and I doubt you will ever see him again.
(beat)
This is what you've been waiting for, Jeff. Let the game begin.

The tape runs silent...then stops.

Jeff's panic turns to rage. Crazed, he begins violently kicking the end of the box.

19B INT. CORRIDOR - NIGHT 19B

A SMALL WOODEN CRATE sits atop forklift. The crate is raised five feet above the ground. It shakes unsteadily, teetering on the edge of the forklift.

Jeff's panicked cries echo down the narrow corridor.

WHAM! WHAM! CRACK!!

A foot appears at one end of the wooden box, as it crashes through the side.

WHAM! WHAM! WHAM!

With each kick the box inches closer and closer to the edge of the forklift.

WHAM! WHAM! WHAM!

And then, at last -

CRASH!!

CONTINUED:

The crate topples to the ground, the wood breaking apart and splintering. From it's debris, a limp body is exposed - Jeff.

For a moment his eyes flutter open - darkness surrounds him. A narrow corridor leading off into the abyss offers the only hint of light. Seconds pass, then Jeff's eyes flutter closed.

He's out.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. CHILD'S BEDROOM, JEFF'S HOUSE - DAY 20

FLASHBACK

CLOSE ON Jeff. So close that we cannot tell where he is yet.

He stares at someone off-screen, hatred seething in his eyes.

He raises a gun, pointing it at whoever he's staring at. He looks a man possessed. A ball of fury.

JEFF
You're a dead man, do you know that? In a few moments, you will no longer be alive.

He cocks the gun, determination in his eyes.

JEFF
You killed my son. And now I'm going to kill you.

WIDER NOW, we see that Jeff is standing in your average suburban child's bedroom - with just one minor difference: this one is spotless, as if no child had ever lived in it. It looks like a museum.

An immaculately made bed, painted up to look like a racing car, sits in the corner. Its crisp sheets are pulled taut.

Jeff is alone in the bedroom. We see that he was pointing the gun at his own reflection in a MIRROR.

He lowers the gun, suddenly deflating...his rage transforming into hopelessness. He shuffles over to a desk, lined with toys. He takes a seat at the desk.

A newspaper article sits in front of him. The headline says 'DRUNK DRIVER KILLS YOUNG BOY'.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: 20

Jeff looks up at the wall in front of him. It is adorned with dozens of framed photos of a smiling, happy young boy. A shrine.

Jeff's gaze drifts down to the desk.

He suddenly tilts his head at something. Something is MISSING on the desk - a clear space where one of the toys should be.

Jeff stashes the gun in one of the drawers and storms out of the room.

20A INT. HALLWAY, JEFF'S HOUSE - DAY 20A

Jeff marches down the hall. He passes a living room. We see that the rest of the house is not so well kept, to put it mildly.

The place is a dump.

Jeff reaches another door at the end of the hall, shoving it open and charging into--

20B INT. CORBETT'S BEDROOM, JEFF'S HOUSE - DAY 20B

--another child's bedroom.

Unlike the other bedroom, this one is more in line with the rest of the house. Toys everywhere, crayons, dolls.

Jeff flicks on the light, startling a young girl who is lying in bed. This is Jeff's daughter, **CORBETT** (10).

Jeff begins tossing the place, searching high and low.

JEFF
Where is it?

He throws drawings aside, swipes stuffed toys out of his path.

Corbett is sitting up now. She looks scared.

CORBETT
What's wrong, daddy?

Jeff spots a plastic pig lying next to her in the bed. He snatches it up.

JEFF
How many times have I talked to you about Dylan's room, Corbett? How many times do I have to tell you before you get the message?

Corbett starts to cry.

CORBETT
I just...I wanted to sleep with--

JEFF
(interrupting her)
--no, Corbett, you just nothing. Don't touch anything in his room, I've told you that!

He storms out, pig in hand.

20C INT. CHILD'S BEDROOM, JEFF'S HOUSE - DAY 20C

Jeff enters the immaculate bedroom once more, padding softly across to the desk, treading with reverence.

He wipes the toy pig with his sleeve, then places it gently back in its place on the desk.

He lowers himself onto the crisp, clean bed. He opens the desk drawer and takes out the gun, staring at it.

He raises the gun to his head...

...then lowers it slowly.

JEFF
God help me...

His head sinks into his hands. He begins SOBBING.

Corbett appears at the door.

CORBETT
I'm sorry.

Jeff whips his head up, tears in his eyes. He discreetly hides the gun behind him in the bed.

JEFF
I'm the one who should be sorry.

He looks into her eyes.

CONTINUED:

JEFF
Come here, baby.

She approaches slowly, wary. He gets on his knees, embracing her like she's his last chance.

CORBETT
It's okay, daddy.

JEFF
I love you so much.
(beat)
You're all I've got left.

He pulls back from the hug, looking into her eyes. Manages a smile.

JEFF
Look at me. What would your mom say if she saw me like this?

CORBETT
We'll never know. She's not here.

Jeff nods, then smiles.

JEFF
Go back to bed. Get some sleep for the both of us.

Corbett returns his smile and leaves the room.

Jeff stands up from the bed, and approaches Dylan's desk once more. He repositions the pig again, making sure it's perfect.

Something catches his eye. On the floor a picture of Jeff and Dylan. He stares at photo - void of expression, bends down and picks it up -

--REVEALING THE CLOAKED FIGURE OF AMANDA STANDING BEHIND HIM!

He sees her reflection in a wall mounted mirror, WHIRLING around.

21 OMITTED SCENE 21 21

22 OMITTED SCENE 22 22

22A INT. CORRIDOR - NIGHT 22A

PRESENT

Tight on Jeff's face - his eyes POP open. He jumps to his feet. A small trickle of blood runs down his forehead.

A long empty corridor stretches out in front of him.

A SMALL WOODEN BOX has been placed against the wall.

Cautious, Jeff walks over to it. He leans down, unsure. 'JEFF' is written on it. He picks it up, warily, opening it.

The box in lined with red velvet. Inside is a key. A note attached to the key says 'OPEN THE DOOR, JEFF'. Underneath the key is a small section torn from a photograph. Jeff holds it up to the light - the person in the photograph is HIM.

Jeff looks around, suddenly aware he's being watched - and then he see's it.

A CAMERA is attached to the corner of the ceiling.

Jeff spins around - nothing behind him other than the massive forklift. Only one way to go.

Forward.

23 INT. CORRIDOR - NIGHT 23

CONTINUOUS

A long, dark corridor of steel.

He scans the empty corridor, then steps out. He puts the key in his pocket.

He takes a step forward. A set of stairs leads downwards. He descends them slowly.

24 INT. LOWER LEVEL, MEAT PACKING FACILITY - NIGHT 24

He reaches the bottom of the stairs, seeing another camera above him.

We PULL BACK through the lens, finding ourselves in--

25 INT. JIGSAW'S LAIR, MONITOR ROOM - NIGHT 25

Amanda watches Jeff on the monitor.

She hears murmuring behind her, swiveling around in her seat and seeing the muddy form of Lynn through the plastic, leaning over Jigsaw and examining him.

25A INT. JIGSAW'S LAIR - NIGHT 25A

Amanda gets up and moves slowly over to the plastic. She peeks through a slit in the plastic, watching Lynn as she applies pressure to Jigsaw's skull.

Jigsaw grunts in pain.

Lynn points a flashlight into his eyes.

26 INT. THE SICK ROOM, JIGSAW'S LAIR - NIGHT 26

The plastic parts and Amanda enters, startling Lynn.

AMANDA
(to Jigsaw)
It's begun. He's out of the box.

Lynn eases Jigsaw's head back onto his pillow and steps back, frightened.

AMANDA
(to Lynn)
So?

LYNN
My twenty second analysis without any medical equipment is that his brain is herniating.

AMANDA
Okay...

(CONTINUED)

LYNN
He needs to go to a hospital and have an operation to decompress his brain.

AMANDA
We're not going to a hospital. Understand that.

LYNN
I can't perform miracles, I need the proper tools. You're giving him morphine, for a tumor like this, he needs steroids. Prednisone.

Amanda grabs a thick, dog-eared MEDICAL JOURNAL off the table. She thrusts it into Lynn's face.

AMANDA
We could also try corticosteroids like dexamethasone. Tell me something I don't know.

Lynn is taken aback.

LYNN
The only place he can get those things is in a hospital. Otherwise he's going to die.

AMANDA
--If he dies, you die.

LYNN
You're asking me to do the impossible.

Leaning over Jigsaw, Amanda's close enough to whisper...

AMANDA
I'm not asking you - he is. John chose you, not me.

JIGSAW
(interrupting)
Amanda, how can our doctor perform what is asked of her when she is being threatened? The rules of 'our' game have been made very clear.

Amanda has suddenly become a little girl, staring at the floor as she is admonished.

JIGSAW
We play by those rules--

SUDDENLY--

--Jigsaw is gripped by a SEIZURE, violent spasms rocking his entire body. His back arches as his muscles tighten, spittle flying from his mouth.

The heart rate monitor gets faster - beepbeepbeepbeepbeep!!

As this happens, the pulsing beep on Lynn's COLLAR gets faster in unison.

Amanda's eyes open wide in fear. Her menacing demeanor now shed to panic.

AMANDA
Do something!

Lynn races over to his bed, turning Jigsaw onto his side. He vomits EXPLOSIVELY.

LYNN
Clear an airway!

Tears stream down Amanda's face as she watches Jigsaw convulse. She stares frozen, unsure what to do.

LYNN
Clear an airway!

Amanda is Frozen.

LYNN
Clean the vomit out of his mouth!

Amanda rushes over, wiping the chunks of bile away with a rag.

Lynn waits, eyes glued to the heart rate monitor. Sweat pours down her face as she waits for him to flatline.

Beepbeepbeepbeepbeep...and then--

--Jigsaw's body slowly relaxes.

Beep...beep...beep.

Lynn approaches Amanada.

LYNN
Was that enough for you? Are you ready to go to the hospital now?

No response.

LYNN
He needs an operation!

AMANDA
Fine...

A moment of hope.

Amanda turns to Lynn.

AMANDA
But we do it here! What tools do you need?

LYNN
What??

26 CONTINUED: (4) 26

AMANDA
What tools do you need for the operation?

Lynn is desperate.

LYNN
I don't...I mean, you need an anesthetic for these procedures.

AMANDA
Anesthetic. What else?

Lynn shakes her head, terror in her eyes.

LYNN
Even with an anesthetic, I wouldn't have the right monitors. One slip and I hit his vein of Lebe, he's dead.

Amanda approaches. She's serious.

AMANDA
Anesthetic. What else?

Lynn looks up at Amanda. Can't believe what she's saying.

LYNN
A power drill.

SMASH CUT TO:

27A OMITTED SCENE 27A 27A

28 INT. MEAT PACKING FACILITY - NIGHT 28

TIGHT on a heavy iron door.

Jeff reaches out and opens it.

29 INT. THE FREEZER - NIGHT 29

He shivers as soon as he does, a gust of cold air escaping from the pitch black room beyond.

Opening the door has triggered something to life, and the noise of grinding gears fills the chilling chamber.

Jeff listens hard. There is another sound, bleeding through the sound of the machines.

It's breathing.

Someone else is in here.

SUDDENLY--

Light tubes SURGE to life, casting the room in a cold, blue pallor.

A blanket of blue haze fills the room.

What Jeff sees literally makes him gasp.

He is standing inside a large, abandoned meat locker.

Meat hooks hang in rows along the ceiling, gleaming like steel teeth.

A series of floor-to-ceiling pipes run the length of one wall, about five inches apart, so cold that they smoke.

In the center of the room is a woman, stripped completely naked, her arms outstretched, tied off to two poles, her feet chained to a large, U-SHAPED clamp bolted to the floor.

She has obviously been in this freezer for a while - her lips are blue and her body trembles in the cold. Her extremities show the signs of frost bite. Her body hangs motionless. Her head lies limp, her frosted hair hangs in front of her face.

On either side of the woman is the source of the mechanical racket - two large iron contraptions, with several hose nozzles jutting out of them, aimed directly at her.

Jeff slowly approaches the body, unsure. With each step closer his body shakes more, his teeth chattering.

SUDDENLY the naked woman comes to life, her heads whips up. Her eyes widen in EXTREME TERROR as Jeff approaches. Her name is **DANICA** (30s).

JEFF
Oh my God.

DANICA
Please let me go.

Jeff can do nothing but stare at her in shock.

DANICA
Why are you doing this to me?

Jeff is lost for words.

Danica's entire body shakes uncontrollably. A tear falls from her eye and immediately crystallizes.

DANICA
Please, don't kill me.

JEFF
I'm not going to kill you.

DANICA
Why...why did you put me...here?

JEFF
I...I didn't.

Jeff examines the locks holding her in place, wrenching at them, trying to free her.

DANICA
Please...please let me...

JEFF
I said I didn't fucking do this to you!

Danica flinches as Jeff screams at her, turning her face, expecting the worst.

JEFF
I just woke up in this place! Just like you.

DANICA
Help...

JEFF
I'm trying!

Jeff spots a micro-cassette recorder lying against the wall. He snatches it up, pressing play on the tape.

JIGSAW (V.O.)
(from tape)
Welcome to your first test, Jeff.
(beat)
(MORE)

JIGSAW (V.O.) (cont'd)
For the past three years you have cursed the name of all those you felt were responsible for the death of your son. You fantasize about that moment where justice will prevail and those accountable will pay. Today I give you the gift you have so anxiously sought. You will find the woman standing in front of you chained in place. This is to prevent her from running - much like she did on the day your son was hit.

Jeff stares at her, trembling in the sub-zero temperature.

JIGSAW (V.O.)
(from tape)
Her name is Danica Scott. She was the only witness present at the scene of your sons untimely demise. If not for her own self absorption and cowardice she could have brought your sons killer to justice.

Emotions electrify Jeff as he listens to Jigsaw's words.

JIGSAW (V.O.)
(from tape)
Now it is you who has a chance to bring her to justice. You alone can grant her the gift of life before she freezes to death. The key that will free her, and free you from this room, is located behind the pipes you can see along the left wall. Will you claim the key to save only yourself...or can you find it within you to save another?
(beat)
She doesn't have much time, Jeff. Does she live or die? Make your choice.

Jeff stares at her, and we CLOSE IN on his eyes--

FLASHCUT TO:

30 EXT. ROADSIDE - DAY 30

FLASHBACK

Quick still images:

Jeff follows Dylan pedalling across a road on a BICYCLE.

FLASH CUT TO

Car barreling down street.

FLASH CUT TO

Tight on Jeff's face as he screams.

FLASH CUT TO

Dylan's body, splayed out beneath the bicyle, which is now upside down. Jeff kneeling at his side.

FLASH CUT TO

Danica driving by looking at Jeff.

FLASH CUT TO

Jeff looking hopelessly down at bloody Dylan.

FLASHCUT TO:

31 OMITTED SCENE 31 31

32 INT. THE FREEZER - NIGHT 32

PRESENT

VOOOOSHHHH!!!

The water jets on either side of Danica ROAR to life, PUMMELING her body with freezing water.

She SCREAMS, taking in mouthfuls of the water as she thrashes her head from side to side, drowning in the intense spray.

After a minute, the water ceases. Danica's body is shivering violently.

(CONTINUED)

JEFF
Why didn't you...Why couldn't you...you just drove by, you didn't even stop.

Danica loses it. She wrenches on the clamps that hold her arms in place.

DANICA
I didn't do anything. I didn't do anything to you.

That one hits a raw nerve with Jeff. He explodes.

JEFF
That's exactly it, you didn't do ANYTHING...

DANICA
...I'm fucking dying!

JEFF
He died in my arms. My eight year old son died in my arms, and you did nothing. You just drove by.

Danica's head drops, she momentarily loses consciousness, then comes to. For the first time her eyes lock with Jeff's.

DANICA
Please....

Jeff stands there frozen, numb, there is rage in his eyes.

Silence

And then the water jets EXPLODE to life once more, soaking Danica with brutal force. The water deflects onto Jeff, but he doesn't react he doesn't even seem to notice - he is in his own world.

JEFF
You didn't even stop.

Danica can hardly form words she is so cold.

DANICA
I made...a mistake. I'm...sorry. I'm human, just like your son was.

Jeff stands in front of Danica conflicted.

Danica manages to raise her head and look at him. A plea from the gut. Her last drop of strength.

DANICA
Letting me die...won't...bring him back.

The water starts up again.

His chest heaving, his breath forming clouds in the air, Jeff looks down at her helpless.

He races over to the pipes. About three feet beyond them, stuck to a magnet on the wall...is a key.

He gets as close as he can to the pipes without touching them, stretching his arm through. His grasp is a foot short of the key.

As he retracts his arm - which is soaked in water from the jets - the skin of his upper biceps touches the pipe--

--AND INSTANTLY FREEZES AGAINST IT.

Jeff pulls on his arm as hard as he can, but his arm is stuck fast.

The water jets hiss to life again, drowning the room in noise as they batter Danica's body.

With a deep breath, Jeff wrenches his arm away.

RIP!!

A layer of his skin is still melded to the pipe.

Blood gushes from the wound as Jeff SCREAMS in pain.

The water jets stop...and when they do, Jeff sees that Danica's head is flopped forward onto her chest.

JEFF
Shit...

He wraps his T-shirt around his arm, sticking his arm between the pipes again. Still he cannot reach the key.

As fast as he can, he throws his T-shirt back on and RAMS HIS WHOLE BODY between the pipes, his face hitting the freezing steel.

32 CONTINUED: (3) 32

His hand wraps around the key, then he slowly, AGONIZINGLY, pulls his face off the pole. The skin on his face stretches, like a tongue on the freezer door.

With a SCREAM he forces himself backwards, ripping a layer of skin off his cheek.

Bleeding, he hobbles over to Danica.

The water spray intensifies, Jeff holding his breath under the INTENSE PRESSURE of the hoses.

The locks on Danica's arms have been completely frozen over.

He struggles to shatter the ice - but it has hardened to the point of impenetrability.

Danica is dead.

Jeff sinks to his knees, SCREAMING in frustration - a primal cry from deep within his gut.

The hose machines stutter to a halt...

...and suddenly the room is silent.

Jeff stares at Danica's body, encased in the ice. The reality and horror of his failure to save her hits him hard.

This is real.

He stares at her until he can no longer stand it, looking down at the key, then up at the door in front of him.

Shivering, he gets up and slots the key into the lock on the door. Turns it.

CLICK.

33 INT. CORRIDOR, OUTSIDE FREEZER - NIGHT 33

CONTINUOUS

Jeff cautiously exits the freezer a broken man. His body still shaking from the ice now forming on his clothes. He falls against the wall, a shell of the person he was prior.

And then, out of the corner of his eye he sees something sitting against the door to the freezer.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

It's a rectangular box - identical to the one Jeff found earlier.

Carefully, he stoops down and picks it up. He opens it, revealing--

--a single bullet...and a note.

The note says 'ONE BULLET WILL END IT ALL'. There is something taped to the back of the note. Jeff flips the note over.

His expression changes, as he sees a torn picture displaying an image of Dylan. HIS SON.

We pull back from him into--

34 OMITTED SCENE 34 34

34A INT. JIGSAW'S LAIR - NIGHT 34A

--a power drill.

It screeches to life as Lynn depresses the trigger, testing it.

She places it on a rusted surgical tray, next to a scalpel, a pair of hair clippers and a rag. She looks down at her make shift surgical instruments in disbelief.

Amanda watches her from afar, then checks her watch and walks into the sick room.

INT. THE SICK ROOM, JIGSAW'S LAIR - NIGHT 34K

Jigsaw looks up as Amanda enters. She walks over to Jigsaw's bed, and applies a cold compress to his forehead.

AMANDA
She's gonna operate, 'relieve the pressure on your brain. It'll help with the headaches and maybe give you some more time.

JIGSAW
--and how is she doing?

AMANDA
You chose her because she was the best.

JIGSAW
--that's one reason I chose her.

John takes her in. It's getting more difficult for him to talk.

JIGSAW
...Thank-you.

AMANDA
For what?

JIGSAW
...For your strength...for being my voice.

AMANDA
I can't do this.

JIGSAW (CONT'D)
Amanda...

AMANDA
I can't do this...

Jigsaw brings her back to the present.

JIGSAW
Forget about me. Let the dead lay with the dead. Don't look back. Not even for a second. They'll crush you.

(CONTINUED)

34B CONTINUED: 34B

(BEAT)
Now, there are some things I will need you to do. Do you have a pencil?

Amanda reaches into the bedside table, taking out a pencil and pad. Jigsaw taps a single key on a laptop sitting next to him.

34C INT. JIGSAW'S LAIR - NIGHT 34C

Lynn scours a cluttered bench in front of her, littered with various tools.

Amongst the mess is the JAW-TRAP, strapped to a plaster head. She reaches out and touches it, running her fingers over its spiked edges.

She touches a cog, welded to the side of the device. All is quiet...then:

BOOM!!

The device explodes open, obliterating the plaster head and toppling onto the floor, causing Lynn to leap backwards--

--and crash into AMANDA!!

Lynn recoils. Amanda merely stares at the JAW-TRAP, now in two pieces.

AMANDA
Are you ready?

LYNN
No, damn it, I'm not ready.

AMANDA
Do you have everything you need?

LYNN
I have the tools to cut someone open...I don't have the tools to save a life.

AMANDA
You'd be surprised what tools can save a life.

34C CONTINUED: 34C

Amanda picks up the Jaw-Trap and places it carefully back onto the table.

DISSOLVE TO:

35 OMITTED SCENE 35 35

36 INT. JIGSAW'S OLD LAIR - NIGHT 36

FLASHBACK - LATER

A paint brush strokes the face of a harlequin puppet.

Jigsaw dabs at it with the brush, as if it were a masterpiece. Satisfied, he picks up the head and presses a trigger. The jaw moves up and down.

He screws the head onto the puppet's body, then carries it over to a workbench. A camera is set up on a tripod, facing the bench.

He presses record on the camera, then depresses the trigger. The dummies jaw moves up and down. As it moves, Jigsaw speaks, his voice distorted by a voice-box.

JIGSAW
(distorted)
Hello Amanda. You don't know me, but I know you. I want to play a game.

We move away from the dummy, finding a black-and-white photo, tacked to a board.

36 CONTINUED: 36

The photo is of Amanda.

37-37A OMITTED SCENE 37-37A 37-37A

38-47 OMITTED SC 38-47 38-47

47A INT. DARK CHAMBER - NIGHT 47A

FLASHBACK

We dissolve into Amanda's face. It is a different face than the one we know now. It seems somehow younger, more innocent.

Jigsaw is hoisting her limp, unconscious body into a chair.

He begins tying her arms to the chair, then binds her feet along with it.

He stoops down and picks up the Jaw-Trap - now a finished masterpiece. He gently fits it onto her face.

47B INT. DARK CHAMBER - NIGHT 47B

FLASHBACK - LATER

Another body is hauled into the room, that of a dazed man.

Jigsaw lets go of him and bends down, lifting his shirt and painting a QUESTION MARK across his stomach.

he should also be given a shot that paralyzes him but keeps him awake.

47C INT. DARK CHAMBER - NIGHT 47C

FLASHBACK - LATER

A rapid montage of images from SAW whirls before our eyes--

--AMANDA TRYING TO WRENCH THE JAW-TRAP FROM HER FACE.

--AMANDA RAISING THE SCALPEL.

--AMANDA CUTTING INTO THE STOMACH OF HER HAPLESS VICTIM.

--THE JAW-TRAP COMING OFF AS AMANDA UNLOCKS IT.

--AMANDA SCREAMING!!

CUT TO:

47D INT. INDUSTRIAL WATERFRONT/PIER AREA - DAY 47D

FLASHBACK

Soaked in blood and dazed, Amanda staggers out of a warehouse, squinting in the sudden light.

She lets out an anguished cry of terror, which bleeds into

47E INT. POLICE STATION - DAY 47E

FLASHBACK TO SAW 1

--a police siren.

Amanda is once again seated in front of Detective Tapp.

AMANDA
He...helped me.

We probably can't show Det. Tapp. I'll try to get approval from Danny.

CUT TO:

47F INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT 47F

FLASHBACK

Once a grand palace, this hotel now rots in disrepair...home only to vermin, both human and animal.

The door opens and Amanda enters the darkened room, looking like a little girl lost.

She closes the door behind her and shuffles slowly over to the bed - actually just a filthy mattress in the corner. She slumps down onto it, staring into space.

Finally she reaches up and flicks a light switch, throwing what feeble illumination the dying globe has left to provide across the room...

...but just enough to see what she can't.

OVER HER SHOULDER, we can see a tall figure, standing in the doorway, facing her.

Oblivious, Amanda's head sinks into her hands.

Behind her, we see the figure walking softly towards her.

(CONTINUED)

As he approaches, Amanda seems to sense him. She lifts her face from her hands, her eyes wide with terror. She turns her head -

-- seeing Jigsaw standing at the foot of her bed.

She doesn't move...either too terrified or too weak to run.

Jigsaw reaches out with a frail hand, placing it on her shoulder. The touch is tender rather than threatening.

He stares at her with sympathy, as if she were a stray dog he was taking in.

JIGSAW
Don't be afraid...your life has just begun. I'm going to teach you, give you my legacy. We are going to change this forever

CUT TO:

47G INT. JIGSAW'S LAIR - NIGHT 47G

PRESENT

Amanda stares at the Jaw-Trap.

LYNN
Amanda...

Lynn takes her chances. Steps closer.

LYNN
You're so young... beautiful... you have your whole life ahead of you. I don't understand...I look at you and I see someone who doesn't want to hurt people. I see that you want to help.

Amanda says nothing. Is Lynn getting through?

LYNN
If you really care about John, you won't let me use this on him. You have to choose what's best for him. He'll listen to you. He trusts you. I see the way he looks at you.

Amanda stares into Lynn's eyes. For a long, silent beat, we think Lynn has gotten through to her....

CONTINUED:

Amanda steps closer, soft menace in her voice.

She takes the saw out of Lynn's hand..

AMANDA
Are we done connecting?

Lynn is taken aback.

LYNN
--Amanda, wait.

Amanda turns from Lynn, walking back to the sick room.

AMANDA
He saved my life... And now you're gonna extend his.

48 INT. CORRIDOR, MEAT PACKING FACILITY - NIGHT 48

PRESENT

Jeff struggles down the corridor, blood staining his face and shirt. Forging ahead...forcing himself to move forward into the blackened bowels of this slaughterhouse.

A sound spirits down the corridor towards him. He freezes, listening. It is the distinct whine of oil-starved hinges.

Jeff limps towards it, keeping close to the wall.

A shadow begins to form up ahead of him. An object strewn across the floor.

Jeff slows, cautious. As he gets closer, the shadow sharpens and reveals itself.

It is a tricycle.

It is lying upside down, a small body lying facedown underneath it. Its wheels spin, the rusted joints groaning as they do.

The tricycle is the same one Jeff's son was riding when he was hit.

Jeff hovers over it, his breath quivering with fear. He sees the white scalp of the body trapped below the trike, black stringy hair falling out of it.

He reaches down...slowly...slowly...pushing the tricycle aside. He turns the body over...

...and gasps.

It is a grotesque doll of some kind, clad in a black suit and a bright red bow tie. It's eyes are closed, it's mouth hanging open.

Jeff carefully scoops up the doll, holding it out in front of him.

For a long, agonizing beat, all is deathly silent...

...until the doll's eyes SNAP open, and it begins CACKLING like a demon, its arms and legs kicking out like a wind-up soldier.

Jeff drops the doll, his heart in his throat.

(CONTINUED)

48 CONTINUED: 48

He backs away from it, hitting something. He WHIPS around.

It's a door.

Jeff hears SCREAMING. It's coming from behind the door.

He grips the handle, unwilling to turn it.

And then he does.

49 INT. THE KILLING FLOOR - NIGHT 49

Jeff is standing in the main room of the meat packing plant. He gags, covering his face with his shirt. It obviously smells BAD in here.

Jeff hobbles forward, eyes darting left and right.

In the center of the room is a RED VELVET CLOAK, draped over a large object.

Jeff approaches it, warily.

He reaches out towards it...slowly...slowly...gripping the fabric...

...then RIPPING it away and revealing--

--a tall, steel carcass incinerator. Inside the incinerator, a metal pole stretches from the floor to the ceiling, hooks protruding from it every few inches.

It is what's on these hooks that startles Jeff the most.

Toys, photos, books, clothes - EVERYTHING we saw from Jeff's son's room has been collected and strung up.

Jeff crumbles as he realizes that his son's entire life is literally hanging in the balance.

He spots a recorder, dutifully laid out at the base of the incinerator. He scoops it up and presses play.

JIGSAW (V.O.)
(from tape)
Welcome, Jeff.
(beat)
(MORE)

49 CONTINUED: 49

JIGSAW (V.O.) (cont'd)
When the judge presiding over your case sentenced your boy's murderer so lightly, your soul never recovered. Now you have the power to sentence ~~his~~ the judges soul to Hell.

Jeff listens to the tape, shock coursing through him.

JIGSAW (V.O.)
(from tape)
Or...you can forgive. The key that will free him is hidden inside your sons possessions...possessions you have clung to for far too long now. If you flip the switch in front of you, a fire will cleanse you of this obsession and destroy them all...leaving only the key remaining. He doesn't have much time...
(beat)
...will you let go to set him free? Let the game begin.

SUDDENLY - the screech of machinery starting up fills the room. Jeff leaps out of his skin, seeing a conveyor belt high above him stutter to life.

Dangling from the conveyor belt are a row of meat hooks, each one piercing the hide of a long dead pig.

The pigs are rotted from disease and age, maggots feasting on their innards like vampires.

The pig carcasses are swept along the conveyor belt towards a large MEAT GRINDER. The blades of the grinder churn ruthlessly.

MAN (O.S.)
Help! Help me!

Jeff races to a set of stairs, scampering up onto a catwalk to get a view of the entire room.

And that's when he sees it.

A man is lying on his back, strapped to the floor of a large, empty, circular vat - locked in place by a single clamp that encircles his NECK.

The man's name is **HALDEN** (50s). The vat he is lying in is positioned directly below the meat grinder.

Halden worms around, trying to pull himself up. He isn't going anywhere.

HALDEN
Help me!

One of the meat hooks drops a pig carcass into the grinder. The blades SCREAM - liquefying the pigs corpse instantly and spraying its innards ALL OVER JUDGE HALDEN - literally drowning him in a disgusting soup of ROTTEN MEAT and BONE FRAGMENTS...

...and then there's the MAGGOTS. Millions of them. They swarm in this liquid larvae, mixing with other insects.

HALDEN
For Christ's sake, why are you doing this?!

The GRINDER quietens down, rumbling. Waiting for it's next carcass.

Jeff glares down at Halden.

JEFF
You don't remember me, do you?

HALDEN
No, no, I...I'm sorry, I don't remember you.

JEFF
Maybe you remember Timothy Young? He was the driver who killed my son. You sentenced him to six months.

Halden's face turns. Panic floods his body.

HALDEN
(clearly lying)
Okay, okay, yes, I remember you. We can talk about your case. I know you want answers but I can't give them to you like this...I--

JEFF
Six months! People get more for fucking parking tickets!

Another rotten pig carcass drops into the grinder, dumping a waterfall of larvae infested slop down onto the judge.

The vat is slowly filling with the innards...drowning the judge in filth.

HALDEN
For God's sake, listen to me! I realize the pain you're in, but there are ways to have his sentence extended, I can help you.

JEFF
It's too late...he's already out.

HALDEN
Then don't become what he is. Don't become a killer!

He looks right into Jeff's eyes. The last plea of the desperate.

HALDEN
Please...I have a son too.

That gets through. Jeff releases a primeval cry of anguish from deep within his gut - hard to know if he's angry at himself or the judge. Maybe both.

Jeff looks over at the INCINERATOR. He races down the catwalk and heads for it.

HALDEN
Where are you going? No! You can't do this to me!!

Another carcass drops into the grinder. The blades SCREAM as they puree the pig and drench the judge in the resulting goo.

Jeff stands rooted to the spot, eyes LOCKED on his sons belongings...everything he has clung to for so many years.

His eyes fall to the switch on the incinerator.

He knows what he must do.

The grinder devours yet another pig carcass and Halden's SCREAMS of terror echo throughout the chamber.

Devastated, Jeff stares at THE PIG he had taken from his daughter, peering out from amongst his sons things.

He flips the switch, igniting a blaze which engulfs it all, instantly melting it. Photos, stacks of newspaper articles...all of it goes up in smoke.

We see Jeff's face as he lets go of everything he has obsessed on for so long.

It all burns away.

Meanwhile in the vat, Judge Halden disappears in the filth.

As everything is scorched in the incinerator, ash begins to rain down onto the bottom tray...and then...

CLINK.

A gleaming key hits the floor.

Jeff flips the switch again and the flames retract. Shielding his face, he steps inside the oven and snatches up the red hot key. It sears his flesh as he races back to the vat.

He scales a ladder mounted on its side, peering down into it.

It is nothing less than a swamp of rotting flesh.

He closes his eyes...says a silent prayer...

...and dives in.

SPLOOSH!!

His whole body disappears into the soup. He resurfaces, gagging, maggots and worms crawling through his hair, now slick with goo.

He wades through the filth, sweeping his arm across and shoveling handfuls of the maggots away.

He takes a breath and ducks his head under, stretching out his arms and clawing for the Judge.

He resurfaces, vomiting. Maggots infest his clothes and hair.

His hands find the clamp that holds the judge in place. He slots the key inside, struggling to unlock it.

More guts rain down on him from above as he finally unlocks it, hauling Halden's unconscious body up above the surface.

He wrenches Halden to the ladder at the edge of the vat, hauling him up, struggling with his weight.

He finally gets him over the edge, lowering him to the ground.

CONTINUED: (5)

He checks Halden's pulse, listens for breathing.

He leans in, pinching Halden's mouth and giving him CPR.

JEFF
Come on...come on...

He tries mouth to mouth once more...until Halden finally explodes awake, VOMITING maggots and pig slop into Jeff's face.

Jeff leaps back as Halden splutters and gags, coming to.

He's alive.

SMASH CUT TO:

50 OMITTED SCENE 50 50

51 OMITTED SCENE 51 51

52 INT. THE SICK ROOM, JIGSAW'S LAIR - NIGHT 52

Beep...beep...beep.

The operation is about to begin.

Lynn has positioned a desk lamp over Jigsaw's gurney. She raises a needle into the light and flicks the end of it.

The rusted steel tray is beside her with all the surgical tools spread across it.

Jigsaw raises his head weakly when Amanda enters.

JIGSAW
How is he proceeding?

AMANDA
He's made it through the second test. The judge is alive.

Lynn looks up. Hopeful.

JIGSAW
He's moving faster than I expected.

Amanda stands behind Lynn.

LYNN
(to Jigsaw)
Put your head back.

Jigsaw eases his head back onto the pillow, wincing even from that slight touch.

LYNN
Your brain is pushing against your skull, John. I am going to try to take the pressure off which means I have to cut out a small section of your skull. Do you understand?

JIGSAW
All too well.

Lynn pushes the needle into Jigsaw's scalp, depressing the plunger and filling his head with a local anesthetic.

She then picks up the hair clippers, shaving a large section of Jigsaw's hair away.

LYNN
(over her shoulder to Amanda)
Scalpel...

Amanda doesn't respond. Lynn turns around, expectant.

Amanda hands her the scalpel like a nurse.

AMANDA
You're not going to give him a general?

LYNN
For this type of...procedure...the patient needs to be fully alert.

Lynn positions the scalpel. Her hand is shaking. She pulls it away, calming herself.

Beads of sweat pour down her forehead. She watches the heart rate monitor.

Beep...beep...beep.

Moments pass in uncomfortable silence; Lynn presses the scalpel against his bare scalp.

She takes a deep breath and makes the first incision, CUTTING a square of flesh away. She peels away the skin, exposing the SKULL.

Amanda's chest heaves.

Beep...beep...beep.

Lynn picks up the power drill. Aims it at one corner of the exposed skull.

She depresses the trigger on the drill.

It SCREAMS to life.

She steadies the drill bit, then drills into his skull, pushing it far enough that it penetrates the bone without hitting brain.

Beep...beep...beep.

She retracts the drill, positioning it at another corner of the crude square she has fashioned.

The drill bit hits bone again and she applies pressure to it, making another hole in his skull.

She takes a rag and clears away the blood and fluid leaking out of him.

LYNN
How are you doing, John?

JIGSAW
Never better.

Amanda can barely watch. For someone who has seen this much blood, every drop makes her squeamish.

Beep...beep...beep...

She drills two more holes at either end of the square, then puts the drill down.

She glances over at Amanda - her gaze is fixed on Jigsaw.

Without taking her eyes off Amanda, Lynn removes the drill bit from end of the power drill and pushes it into her sleeve, hiding it. She takes the scalpel along with it...

...then picks up a pneumatic saw.

Beep...beep...beep...

She switches the pneumatic saw on, its blade kicking to life, its teeth oscillating furiously.

She glances up at Amanda slyly. For the first time, Amanda appears frightened.

Lynn's grip tightens on the saw. She stares at Amanda, sweating bullets.

Beep...beep...beep...

She glances back at Jigsaw, making split-second decisions in her mind.

Finally, she lowers the saw onto Jigsaw's skull. Its teeth hit bone, SCREECHING like nails on a blackboard.

She plays connect-the-dots with it, joining the drill holes. Blood sprays across her coat. Some gets in her eyes. She stops sawing and wipes it away. Blood and sweat.

Beep...beep...beep...

She continues cutting, finishes the job. A square chunk of Jigsaw's skull falls away - exposing his brain. We see his brain EXPAND through the hole slightly, like a souffle made of gizzards.

Lynn switches off the saw and whips around to the heart monitor. Total silence.

An agonizing beat.

Beep...beep...beep...

Lynn lets out a huge breath, dropping the pneumatic saw.

LYNN
He's stabilized.

His brain was swelling & unless it had room to expand, he would have died.

Jigsaw lies still, his eyes fixed on the ceiling.

LYNN
(to Jigsaw)
Raise your hand and flex your fingers.

Jigsaw does not respond.

LYNN
Raise your hand.

CONTINUED: (5) 52

TIGHT ON JIGSAW'S EYES. They are LOCKED on the bright core of the desk lamp above him.

FLASHCUT TO:

52A EXT. PARK - DAY 52A

FLASHBACK

A woman steps into frame. Her name is **JILL** (30s). She is standing in a field, the SUN SHINING down on her. She looks happy.

FLASHCUT TO:

52B INT. THE SICK ROOM, JIGSAW'S LAIR - PRESENT 52B

Jigsaw's heart rate monitor increases in speed.

Beep, beep, beep...

AMANDA
What's happening?

TIGHT ON JIGSAW'S EYES once more. He jolts, reacting to something.

LYNN
John, raise your hand!

FLASHCUT TO:

52C EXT. PARK - DAY 52C

FLASHBACK

Jill giggles.

Loud laughter off screen. A man joins her in the frame. It is Jigsaw, or rather, John. He looks healthy, happy. A different person from a different life.

He aims a video camera at Jill. She grins into the lens.

(CONTINUED)

52C CONTINUED:

JILL
(addressing the video camera)
Well, it's a beautiful day, but instead of enjoying it, John is going to videotape it and then we'll watch it later.

John laughs.

FLASHCUT TO:

52D INT. THE SICK ROOM, JIGSAW'S LAIR - PRESENT 52D

Panic stations.

Lynn races to give Jigsaw oxygen from a mouthpiece.

The heart rate monitor begins pulsing rapidly beepbeepbeepbeep!!

AMANDA
What can I do?

FLASHCUT TO:

52E EXT. PARK - DAY 52E

FLASHBACK

John nuzzles up to Jill amorously, lowering the video camera.

JOHN
Maybe we can enjoy ourselves now and watch it later...if you know what I mean.

JILL
Ooooh...sounds promising.

John laughs.

* add line of dialogue giving them a son. ie: we can't be late to pick up John from Dodgeball practice. * *

FLASHCUT TO:

52F INT. THE SICK ROOM, JIGSAW'S LAIR - PRESENT 52F

Lynn cradles Jigsaw's head, sweat pouring off her. She presses the oxygen mask against his face, desperate.

(CONTINUED)

Let's discuss

52F CONTINUED: 52F

LYNN
Breathe, damn it, breathe!

The heart rate monitor is now going so FAST that one pulse is indistinguishable from another.

Amanda paces back and forth, anger and fear building inside her.

FLASHCUT TO:

52G EXT. PARK - DAY 52G

FLASHBACK

John and Jill laze on a picnic blanket.

John feeds her a piece cake playfully. She laughs as he gets cream on her face.

JILL
I love you, John Kramer.

JOHN
I love you, Jill Tuck.

They kiss.

FLASHCUT TO:

52H INT. THE SICK ROOM, JIGSAW'S LAIR - PRESENT 52H

The kiss in his memory electrifies Jigsaw. He JOLTS - sucking in a huge breath.

He's back.

LYNN
That's right...keep breathing.

Beep...beep...beep...

The heart rate monitor stabilizes.

Jigsaw blinks and sits up, his mind still lost in the dream. He raises his hand, clasping it around Lynn's and pulling her in close to him.

JIGSAW
I love you.

(CONTINUED)

Amanda watches this exchange, distraught.

Jigsaw's grip slowly relaxes and he eases back onto the gurney. His eyes close.

Lynn backs away, slumping back into the chair, exhausted by the tension. She watches the heart rate monitor.

All is silent in the room. Amanda approaches the gurney, standing over Jigsaw. We see tears in her eyes.

She leans down and whispers something to Jigsaw. We do not here it.

LYNN
He can't hear you. He doesn't even know you're there.

Amanda spins around to face Lynn. Her face is now a mask of pure HATRED. She rushes towards Lynn, SMACKING her across the face.

Lynn flies backwards onto the floor. Amanda snatches up a gun and holds it to Lynn's head.

Lynn flinches.

She cocks the gun.

JIGSAW
Put it down.

Amanda whips around to see Jigsaw staring at her.

Amanda doesn't respond, her chest heaving.

JIGSAW
Trust me Amanda. Put it down.

Amanda breaks eye contact, her eyes fixed on the floor. Her gaze shifts to Lynn - seething with hatred.

JIGSAW
Leave us.

Amanda stays where she is.

JIGSAW
Now.

Amanda does.

JIGSAW
(to Lynn)
I apologize on her behalf.

He stares through the plastic at the figure of Amanda. Seems melancholy, almost disappointed. His voice is barely a whisper; a gravel throated rasp that gets weaker with every word.

Lynn doesn't respond. She is soaked in sweat and spattered with BLOOD, the heavy collar CUTTING into her neck.

JIGSAW
In the end, she will be the closest I've ever come to a connection. To feeling seen, understood.

He turns to face her. There no response.

Lynn finally looks at him. Jigsaw smiles.

JIGSAW
Tell me about your husband.

Lynn says nothing.

JIGSAW
I've always been fascinated by matrimony. Husbands barely able to look at their wives, wives on their backs in motel rooms with perfect strangers, parents who bear children only to neglect them...till death do us part indeed.

No response.

JIGSAW
Don't you think it would be wise to keep me talking, doctor? For your own sake.

No response..

LYNN
He's a good man.

She pauses, and then looks away ashamed

LYNN
But something has changed between us. We're strangers now. The last time I saw him, we were so detached...but right now I would give anything in the world to see him. To see my child.

JIGSAW
Oh yes, your child...but we can't bring back the dead can we?

LYNN
What did you say?

Jigsaw turns to her, malice flashing in his eyes. The monster inside him has surfaced.

JIGSAW
Death brings clarity. Only when you lose someone do you realize this...but you know that all too well, don't you, doctor? It's the reason why your marriage is in tatters.

Lynn is visibly angry now.

LYNN
I don't know what you think you know...but my marriage has survived more suffering then someone like you could ever grasp.

Jigsaw turns to her, malice flashing in his eyes. The monster inside his has surfaced.

JIGSAW
I wouldn't compare your suffering to mine.

Each word of what he says next hits Lynn like a razor cut.

JIGSAW
I know more about you than you do. I know you went to Harvard. I know you graduated magna cum laude.. I know you were once a brilliant surgeon. I know you can barely face the day anymore. I know your husband is a murderer...

LYNN
My husband's not a murderer.

JIGSAW
The test subject of this game will decide that.

Jigsaw looks away, at the form of Amanda, through the plastic.

JIGSAW
If you make it through this, Lynn, you will thank me one day...
(beat)
...just as Amanda did.

DISSOLVE TO:

53 INT. JIGSAW'S OLD LAIR - NIGHT 53

FLASHBACK

Amanda stands before Jigsaw, who circles her like a shark.

Jigsaw points at a darkened corridor stretching out in front of her.

JIGSAW
Once you walk down that corridor... there is no coming back. You know that, don't you?

AMANDA
Yes.

JIGSAW
You will give everything to me. Every cell in your body.

53 CONTINUED: 53

AMANDA
Yes.

He grips her arms, holding them up. They are dotted with fading track marks.

JIGSAW
These marks are from another life...soon you won't even remember it.

Jigsaw steps up behind her...almost kissing her neck. Breathing on her. She closes her eyes.

JIGSAW
For the first time in your life, you're going to be strong. It's already in you, it just needs to be exposed

He hands her a black and white photo. We do not see it.

JIGSAW
I promise I will expose it with you.

Amanda takes the photo and walks into the corridor...

...the darkness swallows her up.

54 OMITTED SCENE 54 54

54A INT. STAIRWELL, APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT 54A

FLASHBACK

(CONTINUED)

Not exactly high rent.

Amanda is standing in the entrance way of a dilapidated apartment building. She looks nervous.

We hear footsteps approaching and Amanda begins walking up the stairs, brushing past someone.

MALE VOICE (O.S.)
Very rock star.

Amanda stops in her tracks, turning around. Was he talking to her?

The person she brushed past is a young male. A camera is slung over his shoulder. His name is **ADAM**. We have met him before. He opens his mail box, sorting through junk mail.

ADAM
Yeah, I was talking to you. Your hair...it's very rock star. I like it.

Amanda fidgets, awkward. It is clear she has never had to deal with too many compliments before.

ADAM
Speaking of rock stars, I've been instructed to give these out.

He takes a flyer out of his pocket.

ADAM
Sorry. It's my buddies band. They're playing a show tonight. It's only five bucks...they don't completely suck, as far as buddy bands go, you know.

He approaches her and holds out the flyer. Amanda takes it.

ADAM
You live here?

Amanda shakes her head. A long beat follows.

ADAM
Okay, well, see you later.

He turns away, then turns back.

ADAM
You know what, I'm not gonna see you later, am I? Do you mind if I take your picture?

Now Amanda is really nervous. Adam peers into the lens of his camera, focusing, then clicks off a shot.

He lowers the camera.

ADAM
Thanks.

AMANDA
(low)
You're welcome...

Another long beat ensues.

ADAM
Okay, three more seconds and it's officially an awkward silence. I better go.

He turns to exit, just as two older Russian women enter the building.

ADAM
(to the older women)
How about you guys? You wanna come see my buddy's band tonight? No?

They ignore him, barreling past and heading up the stairs.

ADAM
(to Amanda)
They'll be there. Trust me.

And then it happens - Amanda laughs.

Adam smiles - he's gotten through.

ADAM
Bye.

AMANDA
Bye.

He exits.

55 INT. CLOSET - NIGHT 55

CONTINUED:

FLASHBACK

Nervous breathing over darkness.

A horizontal strip of light breaks the darkness for a split second, accompanied by the sound of a CAMERA going off.

The breathing INTENSIFIES. A sound over the blackness, like someone shifting.

VOICE (O.S.)
Who is that? Who's in there? Come out! I'll kill you, you motherfucker!

Unlike the breathing, the voice is distant. The groan of a door being opened. The breathing stops.

Total silence.

The FLASH goes off again, illuminating the face of--

--Adam. He has his camera in one hand, a baseball bat gripped in the other.

He SCREAMS as we rush towards him. A cloaked figure BOLTS towards him, arms outstretched.

He slumps to the floor. The cloaked figure falls on top of him, taking out a needle and injecting him in the neck. His body relaxes and he passes out.

The figure removes the grotesque pig mask it is wearing.

It is Amanda.

56 INT. SEWER - NIGHT 56

FLASHBACK

Amanda drags Adam's unconscious body along the ground.

She reaches a huge iron door, knocking three times. There is no reply. She grabs the handle and heaves it open, revealing-

57 INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT 57

CONTINUOUS - FLASHBACK

--Jigsaw.

He is standing in front of a mirror in a large, abandoned washroom of some type, wearing only a T-shirt and a pair of boxer shorts. He is applying blood to a fake head wound.

He turns to face her. Nods with approval.

JIGSAW
Put his right leg in the chain.

Amanda hauls Adam over to the far corner, clamping his ankle into a heavy chain. She then reaches over into the tub, wrenching the faucet and running the water.

There is another body lying face down in the opposite corner.

Jigsaw takes out a vial of blood, pouring it across the center of the floor carefully.

Amanda lifts Adam into the half-filled bath tub.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED:

Jigsaw holds out a needle.

Amanda turns the water off.

JIGSAW
Inject me with this.

AMANDA
What is it?

JIGSAW
It's going to slow my heart rate and relax my muscles.

Amanda injects him like the expert she is.

AMANDA
When I was a little girl...my father would lock me under the stairs. I was terrified of the dark, and he would leave me in there, alone. For hours.

She glances over at Adam with pity. The memory has taken her back to a dark place.

JIGSAW
His actions came from a simple place...of drunken cruelty. We do it with clarity and purpose.

He puts his hand on her shoulder. She looks at him.

JIGSAW
Implemented properly, fear can help people. It's the reason you're standing here, Amanda.

Amanda nods, understanding.

She takes a container of paint, marching over to the corner and unscrewing it. She dips a brush into the paint and swathes an X on the grimy, tiled wall.

She turns and heads for the door, switching out the light.

JIGSAW
Lock the door behind you.

Adam's body begins sliding down into the water, his head disappearing as Amanda closes the door.

She looks back at Adam with pity, then locks the door sealing off any light.

FROM BLACK-

57A OMITTED SCENE 57A 57A

57B INT. JIGSAW'S OLD LAIR - NIGHT 57B

FLASHBACK

We reveal--

CONTINUED:

--Amanda, sitting at a desk, poring over a thick tome by FRIEDRICH NIETZSCHE.

Spread out around her are dozens of volumes on philosophy, atheism and consciousness.

CLANG.

The distant sound of metal hitting the floor distracts her and she looks up. Sees nothing. Gets back to work.

CLANG.

The sound is closer this time. She looks up again, her eyes scanning the darkened lair.

AMANDA
John?

No reply. She gets up, padding across the lair.

AMANDA
John?

She looks down and sees Jigsaw...fast ASLEEP on a cot.

CLANG.

Her head whips up. The sound is coming from an adjoining room. Her hand snakes out, shaking Jigsaw.

AMANDA
(whispering)
John...John, there's someone in here...

He doesn't move. Seems almost dead.

And then she sees a FIGURE...hidden in shadow, PACING in the next room.

She approaches...snatching a knife off a bench as she does. The figure walks out of view.

Amanda reaches the doorway, stepping on something. She looks down, seeing that it is a PHOTO.

The photo is the one ADAM took of Amanda in the stairwell.

Amanda flicks the light switch, revealing--

58 INT. STORAGE ROOM - NIGHT 58

FLASHBACK

--a cluttered room...with a man standing in the corner, facing the wall, SOAKING WET.

Amanda holds out the knife.

(CONTINUED)

AMANDA
Don't move or you're dead...

SUDDENLY - the figure turns around.

IT IS ADAM.

His flesh is blue and dead, blood dripping from his gunshot wound. He snarls, CHARGING TOWARDS HER, the chain on his foot dragging behind him as he does.

ADAM
How could you do this to me?!

Amanda SCREAMS--

CUT TO:

59 INT. JIGSAW'S OLD LAIR - NIGHT 59

FLASHBACK

Amanda BOLTS upright, soaked in sweat.

A nightmare.

She is slumped at a bench, dozens of books about PHILOSPHY spread out around her.

She whips her head around, gaining her bearings.

She glances over at the sleeping figure of Jigsaw.

Slowly, quietly, she gets up and leaves.

We see Jigsaw's eyes flick open.

He is awake.

60 INT. SEWER - NIGHT 60

FLASHBACK

A pale beam of light swords through the murk.

Amanda creeps along at the end of the beam, stopping at the door to the bathroom. She holds up a ring of keys, slotting one into a lock on the door.

She grunts as she heaves the door aside, her sleeve flying instinctively to her nose as a putrid smell escapes.

She aims her flashlight into the bathroom...

...finding Adam's body slumped against the wall. Looks pretty dead.

AMANDA
Adam?

She steps inside...

61 INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT 61

FLASHBACK

...traipsing through the blood...stepping over Zep's body.

She stops just short of Adam, keeping the flashlight trained on him. His head is flopped forward, so that she cannot see his face.

She crouches down...slowly reaching out to touch his arm.

ADAM
Noooo!!!

Amanda LEAPS back as Adam suddenly comes alive!

His hands claw out for her, insanity and starvation transforming him into a drooling mess.

AMANDA
I'm here to help you.

Adam's runs out of energy and his body involuntarily relaxes.

ADAM
(whispering)
No...no...

Amanda positions herself behind Adam.

AMANDA
I'm going to free you.

Adam moans softly.

SUDDENLY--

Amanda wraps a sheet of plastic around his face. He struggles WILDLY, grabbing at her arms, kicking his legs.

He thrashes like an animal caught in a net. His head SLAMS against the pipe behind him, blood spraying across the inside of the bag.

Amanda tightens her grip, tears spilling down her face.

The bag begins to FILL WITH BLOOD.

AMANDA
I'm sorry...I'm sorry, Adam...

The blood rises, gushing from the wound and slowly passing his mouth. He is literally DROWNING in his own blood.

Adam eventually stops kicking. Dead.

Amanda relaxes her grip on the bag, sobbing wildly. She holds Adam close to her body. Hugging his corpse

Alone once more.

CUT TO:

62 INT. CORRIDOR, MEAT PACKING FACILITY - NIGHT 62

PRESENT

Darkness.

We hear breathing; it's heavy, wheezing - the sound of someone dying.

It's Halden. He is walking with Jeff down the corridor, still struggling to breathe from the maggot pit.

Jeff reaches the end of the corridor, poking his head around the corner. All he sees are more maze-like hallways.

JEFF
(whispering to Halden)
Left or right? Pick one.

Halden doesn't answer. Jeff turns to face him.

HALDEN
Go the way that gets us out of here.

CONTINUED:

Jeff smiles. He chooses left, pressing himself against the wall. Halden suddenly collapses, out of breath.

Jeff paces, frustrated - he scans the hallway - the filth his surroundings.

For the first time we see a different side of Jeff, scared.

62 CONTINUED: (2) 62

JEFF
Who would do this??? Who could do this? Look at this place... What the fuck is this?

HALDEN
...John Kramer.

Jeff turns to Holden.

JEFF
What?

Halden looks around - at the blood stained walls around him.

HALDEN
This...This place...that tape.
(beat)
It's John Kramer. You might know him as Jigsaw.

Jeff stares at him, incredulous.

HALDEN
I'm a criminal court judge, remember? I've seen his file. Everything about this fits it.

Jeff is flabbergasted.

He runs his fingers through his hair, suddenly energized.

Halden falls against the wall, he slides down out of breath.

JEFF
We need to keep moving.

Halden shakes his head. coughing. He looks bad.

HALDEN
I can't.

Jeff leans down.

JEFF
You can. You can if you force yourself.

Halden shakes his head, coughing. He looks bad.

HALDEN
David and Romona Halden. Remember those names.
(beat)
Tell them I love them. So much.

Jeff looks at Halden, taken aback.

JEFF
No...

HALDEN
Just tell me you've got those names.

Jeff nods.

HALDEN
The sick thing is...I almost feel relieved. I really thought I was going to die back there. At least I don't have to die like that, right?

JEFF
You're not going to die. If you start convincing yourself of that it's a self fulfilling prophecy.
(beat)
Look at me.

He does.

A long beat.

HALDEN
You know, I've spent most of my life worrying about something that doesn't even exist - the future.
(beat)
I never lived in the moment.
(beat)
This moment

Tears appear in his eyes.

HALDEN
I'm sorry about your son.
(beat)
But let me tell you something I know for sure, something I've learned, after all these years of looking out from the bench at people like you. Good people who've had their lives devastated.
(beat)
No sentence I gave him...not five hundred years, not death...none of it would have taken your pain away.

Tears are now in Jeff's eyes too.

62 CONTINUED: (5) 62

HALDEN
Vengeance doesn't solve a thing...it only makes the pain greater.

The judge holds up his hand. Jeff takes it. For a moment, they hold onto it. Hand in hand.

And then up they get, staggering down the hall together.

Another box awaits them. Jeff opens it.

Inside is the empty clip for a gun.

Another torn section of a photograph sits underneath it, this one of his daughter, Corbett. Jeff removes the picture, staring at it fearfully.

The note beside it reads 'ONE STEP CLOSER TO YOUR REVENGE'.

CUT TO:

63 INT. JIGSAW'S LAIR, MONITOR ROOM - NIGHT 63

Amanda watches Jeff and Halden on the monitor. Her face has the blank expression of the dead soul.

Jigsaw's heart rate monitor pulses in the background.

Beep...beep...beep.

Amanda raises her fist, balling it up as hard as she can.

A trickle of blood runs down her arm. Her expression doesn't change as she squeezes harder.

She opens her hand.

A razor blade sits in the center of her palm.

64 INT. THE SICK ROOM, JIGSAW'S LAIR - NIGHT 64

Jigsaw stares at the candles on the night stand next to him. He reaches over, picking up a candle, letting the wax drip down onto his fingertips.

JIGSAW
Why do we do things that we know are going to cause us so much pain?

(CONTINUED)

64 CONTINUED:

Lynn sits in the corner, slyly examining the room around her.

He begins pouring the wax onto the table next to him.

JIGSAW
Would you be so kind as to get me a glass of water, doctor?

Lynn leans over Jigsaw. She lifts a glass to his lips, giving him a drink.

JIGSAW
Thank you.

Amanda suddenly appears through the plastic. Her eyes focus in on the water cup in Lynn's hand. Rage in her eyes. *

JIGSAW *
So tell me about your daughter Lynn - I hear she is quite the little athlete. *

Amanda moves further into the room. *

Jigsaw's eyes drift to Amanda. *

JIGSAW *
We're fine Amanda. *

Amanda doesn't move - seething with hatred. *

Jigsaw turns to Lynn. *

JIGSAW *
Would you please give us a minute. *

Lynn turns and walks through the plastic.

64A INT. JIGSAW'S LAIR - NIGHT 64A

Lynn is alone. *

She scans the room, her eyes taking in the chamber of horrors around her.

And that's when she sees it - the only other door leading into this facility. The only viable exit.

This is her chance.

She creeps cautiously towards the door, keeping her eyes locked on the sick room behind her.

She reaches the door, stooping down and examining the lock.

Her breath quivering, she lets the drill bit she purloined during the operation fall out of her sleeve.

She works the drill bit into the lock, jiggling it around and straining to unlock it.

She hears Amanda and Jigsaw talking behind her. She whips her head back, waiting, then continuing her work.

CLICK.

The door opens.

She hears Amanda approaching, quickly standing and backing away from the door.

The plastic parts and Amanda enters.

She eyes Lynn suspiciously, approaching.

Lynn moves away from the door towards the sick room, silently cursing herself. *

She lets the scalpel drop out of her sleeve.

Amanda approaches the door. She sees that it is OPEN.

AMANDA
Wait.

Lynn stops - her heart POUNDING. Her back is to Amanda. She stares at the scalpel - it's now or never.

AMANDA
Why is this door open?

She slams it shut once more then turns around--

--but it's too late.

Lynn is already right behind her.

She whips the scalpel towards Amanda's throat. Amanda grabs her wrists and they slam against the wall together. Grappling with each other, they fall to the floor.

Lynn wrenches her wrists free and SLASHES Amanda across the shoulder, the blade sinking into her skin. Amanda cries out in agony, looking up as Lynn drives it downwards.

AMANDA
Kill me and you'll never get the key to that collar.

The blade hovers in the air. Lynn stops, grabbing Amanda by the hair and WRENCHING her head back.

Lynn pushes the blade against her throat. *

LYNN
Take this fucking thing off me or I'll swear I'll kill you. *

SUDDENLY--

JIGSAW BEGINS CHOKING IN THE NEXT ROOM.

We hear his heart rate monitor increase, pulsing faster and faster like an approaching train.

Amanda smiles.

AMANDA
You'd better go and help him first...doctor.

CUT TO:

65 INT. CORRIDOR, MEAT PACKING FACILITY - NIGHT 65

Jeff and Halden stalk through the darkened hall.

SCREAMING echoes through the tunnels...coming from up ahead.

Jeff and Halden stop dead. They squint into the darkness in front of them, then move towards it, scanning left and right, the screaming intensifying as they advance. Finally they reach a door.

They push on it. Something is holding it back.

Jeff takes a few steps back, shouldering the door as hard as he can. It gives a little, but isn't quite open.

He takes another few steps back, this time putting his back into it.

SMASH!!

66 INT. THE RACK ROOM - NIGHT 66

The door bursts open, and the second it does, the grinding of gears begins. A LONG WIRE on a pulley which was tied to the door has snapped free and set something off.

Jeff hits the floor. Halden steps in behind him...

...and GASPS.

A skinny man, wearing only a pair of boxer shorts, is facing them, locked into an upright position on a vertical bed of iron. It looks a wider version of a crucifix, with the mans arms bolted onto arm rests which extend out from the main slab. The mans neck is also bolted in place, as are his feet. A helpless victim in the Jesus Christ pose.

Jeff looks up and gasps himself.

The man on the rack is someone we have already seen. His name is **TIM** (30s).

He is the drunk driver who killed Jeff's son.

Halden races over to him, but Jeff simply stares. Their gazes are locked. Tim looks terrified. Jeff just looks enraged.

HALDEN
Come on, help him!

Jeff stays where he is.

TIM
Please...please don't do this to me...it's wrong what you're doing.

Halden scoops up a mini recorder on the ground, pressing play.

JIGSAW (V.O.)
(from tape)
Hello Jeff. If you are listening to this, that means the confrontation you have long dreamed of is finally unfolding in reality.

Tim sobs like a frightened child.

JIGSAW (V.O.)
(from tape)
In your head, he is a cipher, a symbol. A symbol of your life changing. A symbol of death. I present him to you now as a human being. His name is Timothy Young. He is a twenty seven year old man. A former medical student, with a mother and a father. A man who's life also changed the night your son died. The night he made a terrible mistake. You believed he didn't pay for that mistake...now's your chance to make him.

Halden walks around to the back of the rack.

JIGSAW (V.O.)
(from tape)
The device Timothy is strapped to is my personal favorite. I call it The Rack. If somebody doesn't help him, the device is going to fold up. There is a chance he might live, though...with your help.
(beat)
To your left is a hole in the wall. At the end of that hole is a key...tied to the trigger of a shotgun. The question you have to ask yourself, Jeff, is this - are you willing to take a bullet for the man who killed your son?

Tape hiss trails the message.

Halden scrambles over to a hole bored into the concrete wall, squinting into it.

TIM
Have some mercy, for Christ's sake!

As he screams, the upper and lower halves of his body start bending backwards at the waist, as the rack begins to FOLD IN HALF. It's agonizingly slow...like a long lost relic of the Spanish Inquisition.

Tim sobs like a baby.

TIM
I'm begging you, don't do this to me...don't let me die...not like this.

Halden sees a key at the far end of the hole.

HALDEN
I can see a key!

Jeff still hasn't moved. He is literally trembling with rage.

JEFF
You...you took everything from me. My son...my life...

TIM
It was an accident...please...

HALDEN
Jeff, there's a key in here!

He reaches in, groping for the key.

HALDEN
I can't reach it!

He spins around, desperate, stunned to find that Jeff is doing nothing more than staring at Tim. He runs over to him, pleading.

HALDEN
His time is running out! Do you want to beat Jigsaw or become an accomplice?

The gears on the medieval rack grind louder. Tim screams in pain and fear, realizing now that this is very real. His body is bent into the shape of a bow.

Urine pours out of his trousers. His shrieks are wild and PRIMAL, the type you've only ever heard a child muster.

TIM
OhpleaseGoddon'tdothistomeplease I'mbeggingyouplease!!!!!!!

Halden tries to reason with Jeff above the din.

HALDEN
Are you a murderer?!

Jeff doesn't respond. Halden hits him across the face.

HALDEN
Answer me! Are you a murderer?

JEFF
I've thought about killing him every night for the past three years.
(beat)
Maybe I am.

HALDEN
No, you're not!

Jeff finally looks at him.

Halden sees in Jeff's eyes that he has gone over the edge. He snaps into action, running to the wall and staring into the hole.

He sees the key. A plastic cord attached to it is coiled around the trigger of a shotgun, which is buried at the far end of the hole, pointed directly at him.

He reaches in, straining to reach the key. His grasp is an inch short.

Tim's screaming is incoherent now; veins bulging in his neck, spittle flying everywhere.

The rack folds further. We can ACTUALLY HEAR the sinew of Tim's muscles stretching to their limits.

Halden positions himself one last time, reaching inside.

Jeff's chest heaves as moral choices swirl in his head.

JEFF
Dylan, Please forgive me...

good

He races over to the wall, pushing Halden aside. He shoves his arm into the hole, straining to reach the key.

He lowers himself as best he can, closing his eyes. Is he really about to do this?

The cord is taut. The shotgun's trigger creaks.

With one deep breath, Jeff pulls on the key as hard as he can.

BOOM!!!

The shotgun explodes with a deafening volley--

--BLOWING Halden backwards and peppering his chest with buckshot. He slams against the opposite wall, collapsing.

Tim lets out his loudest scream yet as the armrests begin to fold downwards. The whole device is closing in on itself.

With a sickening CRACK, Tim's arms break at the elbows.

Jeff looks down at the strewn key.

He stoops down, snatching it up and racing over to Tim, trying to unlock the clamp around his waist.

The device actually buckles, unable to close completely as Tim's stomach muscles hold strong.

Jeff puts the key in.

But it's too late. Tim's stomach rips. Blood and bowels explode out of his torn gut as the rack folds into a horizontal slab of iron, his feet now level with his head.

He has been folded in half.

His screams continue unabated until the head-rest also folds downwards, breaking his neck.

The gears grind to a halt.

The rack has finished its work.

Halden twitches. His shoulder is bleeding but he's alive.

With Tim no longer screaming, the room is suddenly as quiet as an empty church.

Jeff looks up at a camera mounted on the ceiling, a red light blinking on it.

CUT TO:

67 INT. JIGSAW'S LAIR, MONITOR ROOM - NIGHT 67

Amanda meets Halden's gaze on the monitor. She looks numb...as if the destruction she has just wrought brings her no satisfaction.

Amanda's gaze drifts down to a gun she is holding.

68 INT. THE SICK ROOM, JIGSAW'S LAIR - NIGHT 68

Lynn is taking Jigsaw's vital signs. They are in mid conversation.

JIGSAW
How can you be living with the dead when you have such a beautiful family? A husband who's endured alone, a daughter who needs her mother, patients who need a competent physician who looks them in the eye and treats them like human beings. *

He watches her closely. *

JIGSAW (CONT'D)
In the blink of an eye, one heart stopped and yours did too. The tragedy has haunted you to the point where you no longer live and you're killing your family in the process. Is that what you want? * *

Lynn is clearly affected by what Jigsaw just said.

Footsteps approach from outside.

Amanda enters.

AMANDA
He's completed the third test.

Jigsaw turns to Lynn.

JIGSAW
Congratulations Lynn, you are free to go now.

Amanda shakes her head.

AMANDA
Free to go? No. Not yet...He hasn't made it all the way yet.

JIGSAW
Undo her collar, Amanda.

A tense beat. And then it comes:

AMANDA
No. No. He's not all the way.

JIGSAW
Amanda, Lynn is more important than you know. Unlock her collar and let her go.

Amanda reveals the gun she was hiding behind her back.

seems to wordy for this part

AMANDA
I said no.

JIGSAW
Amanda... the rules are very clear!

AMANDA
--she doesn't deserve to go free.

LYNN
You promised! You promised me I could leave. Please...please let me go.

Lynn is pleading with Amanda, who is glaring at Jigsaw.

It's a stand off.

JIGSAW
Amanda, even with that gun, it is Lynn who holds your life in her hands.

AMANDA
Fuck you. You give her control over me?!

Lynn panics, begins to back away, her eyes darting between Jigsaw and Amanda.

Amanda has a crazed look in her eyes.

The look of a killer.

Lynn sobs, begging for her life, continuing to back away from Amanda.

LYNN
I swear to God I won't say a thing to anyone...I...I won't. I promise. Please, I have a family.

AMANDA
Shut up! Shut up... Shut up...

Jigsaw stays locked on Amanda - ignoring Lynn.

JIGSAW
Please Amanda...let her go.

AMANDA
She is nothing...

68 CONTINUED: (3) 68

JIGSAW
What about the other test subjects that we left alive?

AMANDA
What about 'em?

JIGSAW
Is that how you felt about them?

AMANDA
What about 'em?

JIGSAW
Is that how you felt about Eric Matthews?

AMANDA
Eric Matthews?! I'll tell you how I felt about Eric Mathews. He took my life from me! I just returned the fucking favour. *

JIGSAW
I know. I know Amanda.

Amanda turns to look at Jigsaw, stunned.

We MOVE AWAY FROM him, towards the light.

DISSOLVE TO:

69 INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT 69

FLASHBACK

(CONTINUED)

69 CONTINUED: 69

A face.

The face of a desperate man, soaked in sweat, his foot chained to a pipe. This is **DETECTIVE ERIC MATTHEWS.**

He is lying on the floor, clawing out towards something, or someone. WE DO NOT SEE what he is looking at.

ERIC
No! You fucking bitch! I'll fucking kill you!

AMANDA (O.S.)
Game over.

The light in the room begins to fade as a DOOR is SLAMMED SHUT. The only light that remains is the pale beam of a flashlight.

Eric sits up, a pillar of pure RAGE. He WRENCHES his foot as hard as he can, trying to pull it through the clamp.

He scans around, desperate - spotting a hacksaw. He snatches it up, staring at it.

Contemplating.

He presses the rusted blade of the saw against the flesh of his ankle.

An agonizing beat follows.

The blade draws blood. Eric's hand trembles.

ERIC
Fuck that!

Eric hurls the blade away, punching the wall.

He gropes around the pipe, searching for another way out, his breathing heavy.

Finally he stands up. Stares down at his foot.

He closes his eyes. Grits his teeth...

...and then SMASHES his foot down on the floor of the bathroom, toes facing downwards.

He screams out in pain, then SMASHES it down on the floor once more, BREAKING his foot to get it out of the chain.

69 CONTINUED: (2) 69

He slumps to the ground in agony, grimacing as he pulls his foot through the chain.

With a cry heard in Hell, he forces his broken foot through the clamp.

He stands up, balancing on his other foot, then hops over to the door.

He grips the handle, jerking it open. It slides open reluctantly, groaning like a beast.

70 INT. SEWER, OUTSIDE BATHROOM - NIGHT 70

FLASHBACK

Eric peering out cautiously.

He limps out into the sewer, wincing as his foot throbs with pain, his eyes darting left and right.

He takes another step and collapses.

70A OMITTED SCENE 70A 70A

70B INT. SEWER - NIGHT 70B

FLASHBACK

A figure is pacing in the tunnels.

It is Amanda.

Her head whips up when she hears Eric collapse. She listens, hearing feet shuffling in the distance as someone approaches.

ERIC (O.S.)
I'm going to fucking kill you! Do you hear me?

Panicked, she retreats into an alcove, holding her breath. The shuffling gains in volume. Amanda covers her own mouth.

The footsteps are close now...the tension unbearable.

Eric limps past, using a metal pole as a crutch. Amanda watches him go, listening to his footsteps recede into the tunnels.

When his foot steps have faded sufficiently, she steps out of the shadows, scampering after him. He's easy to follow - he's making so much noise.

She follows him down the tunnels as they twist and turn - then suddenly stops.

She can't hear him anymore.

She creeps forward, looking left and right. Her breathing is all we can hear.

THAT'S WHEN ERIC LEAPS OUT OF AN ALCOVE TO AMANDA'S IMMEDIATE LEFT, SMASHING HER ACROSS THE CHEST WITH A POLE!!!

She SLAMS against the opposite wall, breaking a wall mounted light.

ERIC
I'm going to fucking kill you!

A terrified Amanda struggles, but he's too mad and too strong.

(CONTINUED)

He continues to SLAM her face against the wall. Again, and again, and again - blood pours from Amanda's face.

ERIC
Where is my son?! Where the fuck is he?!

AMANDA
He's alive!

ERIC
Where is he?

AMANDA
He's okay, I swear to you. I swear to God. I swear to God.

Eric grabs her by the hair, pushing her face against the slime soaked wall.

ERIC
Take me to him right now, or I *swear to God* I will kill you.

AMANDA
He's safe.

ERIC
Where?

AMANDA
Right here.

With that, she stomps down on his broken foot. He SCREAMS in agony, falling back against the wall. She breaks free, sprinting off down the sewer. We follow her as she rounds a corner in the tunnel, leaving Eric behind.

Eric screams after her.

ERIC (O.S.)
You're not Jigsaw! You hear me!
You're nothing! You'll never be Jigsaw!

Amanda suddenly STOPS RUNNING. Frozen.

ERIC (O.S.)
You're a worthless junkie bitch.

Amanda turns around slowly.

She is literally trembling with rage. We see her transform in front of our eyes.

And with that, she unsheathes a knife from her jacket - RUSHING at him like a screaming banshee.

We see Eric brace himself against the wall as he comes into view again.

She PLUNGES the knife into his stomach. Eric looks down, stunned by the attack. She wrenches it across, cutting him open, then pulls it out.

Pure FURY burns in Amanda's eyes. She stabs him AGAIN AND AGAIN. Relentless.

AMANDA
Do you see me now? Huh? Do you see me now, you motherfucker?!

She buries the blade in his neck one last time, then retracts it. She stares at her hands, all covered in blood. Anger still courses through her.

She stares down at Eric's corpse.

She is changed.

She is a killer.

70C EXT. INSIDE MINI-VAN - NIGHT 70C

Jigsaw is sitting alone, his face bloody and beaten. He looks like he might be dead...

...until we hear a door open, a figure climbing in next to him.

AMANDA (O.S.)
It's done. He's in the bathroom.
(beat)
Alive.

Jigsaw smiles, ever so slightly.

We hear the engine kick to life.

71 INT. THE SICK ROOM, JIGSAW'S LAIR - NIGHT 71

PRESENT

Amanda glares at Jigsaw.

(CONTINUED)

AMANDA
And that's right...I'm a murderer. But you're a fucking hypocrite! You torture people, you watch them die, and now you're begging me not to kill this worthless bitch on the grounds of some fucking game? What you do is no different than murder.

JIGSAW
You're walking us towards a precipice Amanda. Step back.

AMANDA
--bullshit... It's all a lie. Nobody changes. Nobody is reborn. Eric Matthews learned nothing from your test. He was the same person when he arrested me, when he framed me, when he took me down.

JIGSAW
If you fail in this we all fail...

AMANDA
--THAT'S A LIE... If you succeed we all succeed.

She turns to Lynn.

AMANDA
So show me... And what has she learned?

She cocks the gun, aiming at Lynn who continues to back up, towards the plastic sheets walling off the SICK ROOM.

JIGSAW
...we'll see

AMANDA
How has SHE changed?
(beat)
I'll tell you - she hasn't. Nobody changes. Nobody is reborn. It's all a lie. Everything is lie? I am just a stupid pawn in all of this. I don't mean ANYTHING to you.

JIGSAW
You mean everything to me.

At that moment, we see something we have never seen on Jigsaw's face before - real pain. He swallows, stung by her words.

AMANDA
FUCK YOU!

JIGSAW
Our fates are inextricably linked.

AMANDA
Fuck you!

JIGSAW
I've tried to help you.

Jigsaw just listens, devastated.

AMANDA
Then help me now!!! Fix me. Fix me motherfucker! I'm standing right here! Fix me!

Jigsaw saws nothing... Doesn't interfere with her moment of truth. Her all important choice.

Amanda starts crying. She turns to Lynn.

AMANDA
And why is she so important to you?!

JIGSAW
She's not important to me. She's important to you.

AMANDA
She's not important to me...

LYNN
Please, please don't do this!

JIGSAW
I beg you to reconsider that. She's not important to me, she's important to you...I beg you to consider that.

SMASH CUT TO:

72 INT. THE RACK ROOM - NIGHT 72

Jeff slowly hauls himself to his feet...skin missing from his arms and face, covered in filth.

The man has been through Hell.

He prods Halden, who is slumped against the wall.

JEFF
Halden?

Halden doesn't respond.

He's gone...surrounded by a pool of blood.

Jeff limps over to the door. He grabs the handle, waiting for a fresh new Hell.

He opens it.

73 INT. CORRIDOR, MEAT PACKING FACILITY - NIGHT 73

Another corridor.

Ahead of him he sees another door. He moves towards it.

His heart is pounding.

He opens the door.

74 INT. CORRIDOR, OUTSIDE JIGSAW'S LAIR - NIGHT 74

Barely able to stand, much less walk, Jeff pulls himself along the corridor.

He follows a bend, and there in front of him is a long narrow corridor much like the one he woke up in, with a LARGE IRON DOOR at the end.

Jeff stumbles forward, then stops.

(CONTINUED)

74 CONTINUED: 74

Another gift box is waiting for him.

Jeff can barely find the strength to bend down and reveal its contents. He plucks the box off the ground and opens it.

Inside the box is a gun.

He takes the empty clip and the bullet out of his pocket. He loads the clip awkwardly, jamming the bullet in, then smacks it into the handle of the gun.

It's loaded and ready to go.

There is another torn section of a photograph, lying inside the box. The final piece. Jeff turns it over.

The face in the picture is LYNN.

Jeff stares transfixed at the photo. Moments pass, then something hits him. He reaches in his pocket pulling out the other torn sections - him, Corbett and his son.

THE PIECES ALL BELONG TO ONE PICTURE.

The last item in the box is a note.

It reads 'LAST CHANCE'.

Jeff scans the corridor - only one way to go. Towards the iron door.

From behind the door, he can hear the muffled shouts of a woman. He drags himself along the corridor, wary.

The closer he gets to the door, the louder the screams and pleas for help become.

75 INT. THE SICK ROOM, JIGSAW'S LAIR - NIGHT 75

Lynn backs closer to the plastic.

Amanda follows her.

AMANDA
She's not important to me...She's not important to me.

JIGSAW
Amanda, your time is almost up.

CONTINUED:

LYNN
Please, I don't want to die.

AMANDA
She's not important.

(CONTINUED)

JIGSAW
Amanda...this is your last chance. Think about what you're doing. What you promised me.

AMANDA
She's nothing.

Amanda points the gun at Lynn.

SMASH CUT TO:

76 INT. CORRIDOR, OUTSIDE JIGSAW'S LAIR - NIGHT 76

Jeff listens in horror, trying the door handle.

IT'S LOCKED.

He takes the original key he was given in the wake-up room out of his pocket. Reads the note attached to it.

'OPEN THE DOOR, JEFF'

He puts the key into the lock, turning it.

CLICK.

It opens.

76A INT. JIGSAW'S LAIR - NIGHT 76A

Jeff enters the massive room, his eyes adjusting to the light. At the far end, voices scream.

BANG!

Jeff stops for a brief second. In front of him, a doorway of plastic is SHOWERED in blood.

it is impt. that Jeff visually sees Lynn, his wife! they must make eye contact.

77 INT. THE SICK ROOM, JIGSAW'S LAIR - NIGHT 77

Lynn gags, her head flopping forward onto her chest, lolling like the head of a rag doll. Blood pours from her chest.

Amanda steps back from her vicious handy work.

Jigsaw drops his head, devastated.

(CONTINUED)

He stares at her with sorrow. His voice is weak. He no longer appears as the cold-blooded Jigsaw...but as John, the human being.

JIGSAW
You just destroyed three lives.
Hers...yours...and mine.
(beat)
You just murdered Jeff's wife.

Before Amanda can even react, she turns to see a figure standing outside the plastic.

Jeff.

BLAM!

He charges through the plastic, firing a single shot into Amanda's body.

She staggers backwards, clutching her chest.

Jeff runs to Lynn, cradling her head. She gargles blood, struggling to breathe.

JEFF
No, no! Lynn! Lynn!

Amanda turns her head to face Jigsaw - betrayal seared into her eyes.

JIGSAW
This was your game, Amanda. Your test. I was testing *you*. I could have saved you...I could have fixed you.

Amanda cannot believe what she is hearing.

What follows is a swirling, "Saw"-style montage that assaults our senses with sound and fury.

FLASHCUT TO:

77A INT. THE SICK ROOM, JIGSAW'S LAIR 77A

FLASHBACK to earlier in the film.

Lynn and Amanda stand in the sickroom with Jigsaw. This time we notice that Jigsaw is looking at AMANDA and not Lynn.

JIGSAW
I want to play a game. The rules of the game are simple but the consequences for breaking them complex - death.
(MORE)

CONTINUED: (2)

JIGSAW (cont'd)
You are being tested. Your will is being tested. Your will to keep someone alive.

FLASHCUT TO:

77B INT. SICK ROOM, JIGSAW'S LAIR - NIGHT 77B

FLASHBACK - LATER

Again Jigsaw speaks to Lynn and Amanda - however again we notice his eyes are directed at Amanda NOT LYNN.

JIGSAW
Can you follow the rules and grant someone the gift of life?

FLASHCUT TO

78 INT. JAW-TRAP ROOM - NIGHT 78

FLASHBACK

The beginning of it all.

Amanda struggles desperately, the monstrous Jaw-trap clamped onto her face.

JIGSAW (V.O.)
I tested you once before...and you passed.

FLASHCUT TO:

79 INT. JIGSAW'S OLD LAIR - NIGHT 79

FLASHBACK

We are revisiting a scene from earlier.

Jigsaw circles Amanda, who stares straight ahead obediently.

JIGSAW
You will give everything to me. Every cell in your body.

AMANDA
Yes.

(CONTINUED)

JIGSAW (V.O. CONT'D)
I took you in. I cared for you. I selected you for the honor of carrying on my work. You swore that you would...

FLASHCUT TO:

80 INT. JIGSAW'S OLD LAIR - NIGHT 80

FLASHBACK

Amanda creeps out of the lair, past the sleeping figure of Jigsaw.

Jigsaw opens his eyes, listening to her leave.

JIGSAW (V.O. CONT'D)
...but you didn't.

FLASHCUT TO:

81 INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT 81

FLASHBACK

Adam dies as Amanda drowns him in his own blood.

JIGSAW (V.O. CONT'D)
You didn't test anyone's will to live...

FLASHCUT TO:

82 INT. SEWER, OUTSIDE BATHROOM - NIGHT 82

FLASHBACK

Amanda stabs Eric, over and over.

JIGSAW (V.O CONT'D)
...you simply murdered them.

FLASHCUT TO:

82A INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT 82A

FLASHBACK

Amanda props Adam up in the half-filled bath tub.

She tosses the key in the tub with him, then glances over at Jigsaw. He isn't looking.

Quickly, she wraps the chain on the bath plug around his left ankle.

JIGSAW (V.O. CONT'D)
You took away their only chance...

CUT TO:

82B INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT - LATER 82B

FLASHBACK

Amanda gives one last look of pity before closing the bathroom door.

JIGSAW (V.O. CONT'D)
...whilst giving them false pity.

83 INT. CLASSROOM, ELEMENTARY SCHOOL - NIGHT 83

FLASHBACK

Back to the opening scene.

We see the door.

We see Troy's face staring at the door.

JIGSAW (V.O. CONT'D)
Your games were un-winnable...your subjects merely victims.

The bomb GOES OFF, blowing us into--

FLASHCUT TO:

84 INT. SUBTERRANEAN CHAMBER - NIGHT 84

FLASHBACK

--Kerry whips the key out of the acid.

She slots it into the lock on the harness on the rib-splitter, opening it--

--BUT THE DEVICE STAYS ON HER.

The door to the chamber opens and a cloaked figure steps inside.

Now we see who it is.

Amanda.

She smiles.

KERRY
You...

The rip-splitter EXPLODES open, taking Kerry's ribs with it.

JIGSAW (V.O. CONT'D)
You became what I despise, Amanda.
(beat)
A killer.

FLASHCUT TO:

85 INT. THE SICK ROOM, JIGSAW'S LAIR - NIGHT 85

FLASHBACK

Amanda holds a knife to Lynn's throat.

JIGSAW (V.O. CONT'D)
My legacy was being destroyed...

FLASHCUT TO:

86 INT. CORRIDOR - NIGHT 86

FLASHBACK

Jeff whips his head up, coming to.

(CONTINUED)

86 CONTINUED: 86

JIGSAW (V.O. CONT'D)
...in my desperation, I decided to give you one last chance.

FLASHCUT TO:

87 INT. CORRIDOR, OUTSIDE THE FREEZER - NIGHT 87

FLASHBACK

Jigsaw hobbles through the facility with the aid of a cane, laying a box at the door of the freezer.

JIGSAW (V.O. CONT'D)
I put everything in place...

FLASHCUT TO:

88 INT. THE SICK ROOM, JIGSAW'S LAIR - NIGHT 88

FLASHBACK

Amanda shoots Lynn.

JIGSAW (V.O. CONT'D)
...then let the game begin.
(beat)
I let you make your own choices.

FLASHCUT TO:

89 INT. THE SICK ROOM, JIGSAW'S LAIR - NIGHT 89

PRESENT

Jeff stares hopelessly down at Lynn, crying.

Amanda sinks slowly to the floor, not taking her eyes off Jigsaw.

JIGSAW
You didn't know that Lynn and Jeff were husband and wife. I had to keep that from you, for the purposes of the game.

FLASHCUT TO:

90 INT. LIVING ROOM, DENLON HOUSE - DAY

FLASHBACK

Jeff and Lynn fight.

Corbett watches in the background.

JIGSAW (V.O. CONT'D)
I had to leave out the ruined marriage...

FLASHCUT TO:

91 INT. BEDROOM, CONDOMINIUM - MORNING 91

FLASHBACK

Lynn and Chris embrace each other, kissing passionately.

JIGSAW (V.O. CONT'D)
...the cheating wife...

FLASHCUT TO:

92 INT. CHILD'S BEDROOM, JEFF'S HOUSE - DAY 92

FLASHBACK

Jeff points the gun at an imaginary victim.

JIGSAW (V.O. CONT'D)
...the vengeful husband.

92A INT. CORBETT'S BEDROOM, JEFF'S HOUSE - DAY 92A

FLASHBACK

Corbett cries as Jeff storms out of her room.

JIGSAW (V.O. CONT'D)
...the neglected daughter.

FLASHCUT TO:

93 INT. THE SICK ROOM, JIGSAW'S LAIR - NIGHT 93

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PRESENT

Jeff looks up, RAGE filling him.

JIGSAW
I wanted you to succeed, Amanda...but you failed.

Jeff stands up, towering over Amanda. He snatches up a nearby metal stake, holding it aloft.

JIGSAW
Game over.

Jeff drives the pole into Amanda's head.

Jigsaw LOOKS AWAY. We see tears - ACTUAL TEARS - in his eyes.

The only sound is Lynn's breathing...and the steady pulse of the heart rate monitor.

Beep...beep...beep.

When Jigsaw finally speaks, it is the voice of a BROKEN man.

JIGSAW
Jeff, I am sorry for what you have been through...but your part of the game is not over yet. This is your final test...will you forgive me for the pain I have caused you and your wife?

Jeff stares hopelessly down at his wife, a shell of a man, his cries echoing throughout the room.

Beep...beep...beep.

JIGSAW
Your wife is dying, Jeff. Her time is running out.

Jeff turns to face Jigsaw, rage in his eyes. He stalks towards the bed, smashing aside anything and everything in his way.

JIGSAW
Haven't you learned anything tonight? Your rage, your vengeance will only hurt the ones you love.

Jeff moves toward Jigsaw, tears falling down his cheeks.

JIGSAW
Killing me will only add to your misery Jeff. It will not bring back your son or your dying wife. Think about your daughter Jeff, she needs you now more than ever.

For the first time thus far Jigsaw leans forward, reaching for something unseen.

JEFF
You sick fuck...

Jeff takes another step closer.

JEFF
You sick fuck...

Jigsaw grabs something off a small table sitting next to him. Jeff notices.

JEFF
What's in your hand?
(beat)
What's in your fucking hand?

Jeff spots the pneumatic saw, sitting on the floor. He snatches it up.

JIGSAW
I will say this one more time, and when you hear it, know that I am ready to die.

Jeff stands over him switching the pneumatic saw on. It SCREAMS to life.

JIGSAW
You can't kill me, Jeff.

Jeff holds the pneumatic saw above him, like a dagger.

JEFF
This is for my son.

And with that, he drives the blade down into Jigsaw's neck, SLICING IT OPEN.

Lynn's eyes open and close - she is fading fast.

LYNN
No...

A geyser of blood BLASTS Jeff in the face as he forces the blade across, cutting Jigsaw's throat.

Jigsaw's heart rate monitor palpitates feverishly as he writhes on the bed - beepbeepbeepbeepbeep!!

And then it culminates in one, long whining note.

Beeeeeeeeeeeeeeepppp.

A flatline.

Jigsaw is dead.

Jeff steps back, chest heaving, his blood-lust satisfied.

The device around Lynn's neck beeps loudly. Jeff looks over at her. She returns his look - PURE HORROR ON HER FACE.

She manages to gasp just one word.

LYNN
No...

For a moment there is nuclear silence.

Then an EXPLOSION.

Then blackness.

93A INT. THE SICK ROOM, JIGSAW'S LAIR - NIGHT 93A

LATER

Jeff.

He is splayed across the floor, his body twisted, his face blackened by ash.

His eyes flutter open and he bears witness to the macabre scene around him.

Amanda lies crooked, limbs askew, her head shattered.

Jigsaw's body lies face down on the floor, blood pooling around him...a pose eerily similar to that of his faked death in Saw 1.

And then, the most gruesome sight of all...

THE HEADLESS BODY OF LYNN...

93A CONTINUED: 93A

JEFF
No.

Jeff is frozen...unable to move...time seems to stand still.

CLANK.

Behind Jeff something falls to the floor from Jigsaw's hand.

Jeff turns around, and through blank eyes he spots it.

A MICRO-CASSETTE recorder.

He reaches out and grabs the recorder, unable to believe the world he has found himself in.

He presses play.

Tape hiss...then a voice. Even with Jigsaw lying dead nearby, it chills the blood.

JIGSAW (V.O.)
(from tape)
Hello Jeff.
(beat)
I made this tape as an insurance policy, and if you are listening to it, then it's time to collect.

Jeff comes out of his numb state, his heart racing.

JIGSAW (V.O.)
(from tape)
I was your final test, Jeff. Your final test of forgiveness. And if you are listening to this, then you failed.
(beat)
Now, you must pay the price.

94 OMITTED SCENE 94 94

95 INT. CRAWL-SPACE - NIGHT 95

Suddenly, we are winding through the dark confines of a wall, twisting and turning through a labyrinth of cob-webbed wood.

95 CONTINUED: 95

JIGSAW (V.O.)
(from tape)
The price of holding onto all that anger...

96 INT. THE SICK ROOM, JIGSAWS LAIR - NIGHT 96

Jeff cannot believe what he is hearing.

JIGSAW (V.O.)
(from tape)
The price of driving your own wife away from you...

97 INT. CRAWL-SPACE - NIGHT 97

We keep winding...past pipes and wiring...the light disappearing as we explore this subterranean skeleton.

JIGSAW (V.O.)
(from tape)
The price of living for nothing but vengeance.

98 INT. THE SICK ROOM, JIGSAWS LAIR - NIGHT 98

Jeff shakes his head, gripping his hair and trying to will away this nightmare.

JIGSAW (V.O.)
(from tape)
Now, I will give you something to live for. I told you that you couldn't kill me Jeff, but I didn't tell you why.
(beat)
The answer is simple.

99 INT. CRAWL-SPACE - NIGHT 99

We are now, far, far underground somewhere...

...and we come to rest on a wall. From behind the wall, we can hear the SCREAMS of a young girl.

CORBETT (O.S.)
Help! Help me!

100 INT. THE SICK ROOM, JIGSAWS LAIR - NIGHT 100

Jigsaw's breathing crackles on the tape.

JIGSAW (V.O.)
(from tape)
I am the person responsible for the loss of your child. I am the only person who knows where your daughter is.
(beat)
She only has a limited supply of air...and if you want to get her back...you'll have to play a game.

Jeff SCREAMS - a more powerful scream than anything we've ever heard. He could be screaming 'no', but we can't make it out.

We're losing him, the sound fading...

...and then our vision fades with it.

And then it's dark again.

Like it is for all of us eventually.

FADE OUT.